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TICHBORNE TRIAL



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THE
TICHBORNE TRIAL.



NEW YORK :
JAMES COCKCROFT & COMPANY.

1875.

THE TICHBORNE TRIAL.

IN the early years of the reign of His Majesty King Louis Phillippe, there resided in the Rue de la Ferme, Paris, an English gentleman and his family, named Tichborne. Paris has undergone a wondrous transformation since then, but the Rue de la Ferme, or more correctly the Rue de la Ferme des Mathurins, is still represented by fragments of its former self which may be found by the curious in the Quarter of the Madeleine. Servants and tradespeople knew this gentleman as "Monsieur Teeshborne." He had a French wife, a French valet and footman, a French circle of friends and acquaintances. He spoke French like one of themselves. He was a Roman Catholic—his wife a devout one. Father confessors, and other dignified clerical persons, were often found within his modest suite of rooms above the *entresol*, where, in Continental fashion, he lived snugly, and was only to be approached by a preliminary parley with the *conciërge* in his little lodge across the paved courtyard. If this gentleman was not exactly naturalized, it was clear that his family were in a fair way to become part and parcel of the great French nation. Perhaps a son might keep up associations with his father's native country; but in the natural course of

things the association must grow weaker and weaker, until at last the fact that the Tichbornes were known to be of English origin would possibly have been all that distinguished them from friends and connections in their adopted land.

Yet Mr. James Tichborne was a member of the ancient family of Tichborne, of that place whose name, either in its modern or its ancient form of De Itchenborne, was famous in Hampshire long before the days when Gurth, the swineherd, blew his horn in the glades of the New Forest. But he was a younger brother. More than that, he was a younger brother without any reasonable prospect of ever succeeding to the baronetcy and estates of the Tichborne family. Younger brothers take various ways. Some go into the Army, some into the Navy, the Church, the Law. Some determine to carve a position for themselves, and dream of founding a family to be known as the younger branch. Mr. Tichborne, however, was not one of these. He had a private fortune quite sufficient for his wants, and even for a considerable amount of luxury. He had married a lady about whom there was a certain degree of mystery. That she had an English father—Mr. Seymour, of the old family of that name at Knoyle, in Wiltshire, was known to some, though it was better known that the mother of Mrs. Tichborne was a French lady of the ancient house of Bourbon Conti, a family that had suffered like others from the great social deluge of 1789, but had retained some power over possessions, a considerable portion of which, after long years of litigation, came to the wife of "Mons. Teeshborne." With these sources of income Mr. Tichborne led an easy and somewhat idle, though unfortunately by no means peaceful, life. He was, on the whole, a good-natured man, a kind husband, and a good father; but he had a hasty temper, of which servants

and even relations felt at times some of the effects. But his wife's infirmity in this way was far more notorious. Mrs. Tichborne was what is known as a spoiled beauty. Slim, graceful, elegant, and at that period, scarcely more than of middle age, her good looks would have made her in the old days of gallantry a famous toast. As it was, her personal attractions were proverbial, and, as is not uncommon in such cases, her self-will was equally well known. Among other traits in her character was a singular perverseness, coupled with a weakness of judgment which rendered her an easy prey of that numerous class who hang about the devout soliciting charity. Hence the household was by no means a happy one. Mrs. Tichborne devoted much time to the exercise of her religion; and she had—a few years later at least—in pretty constant attendance her confessor, the Abbé Salis, of whom the world has heard something. To do him justice the Abbé was cognizant of the infirmities of her disposition, and gave her good advice, which, however, was not often followed. Unhappily the domestic differences of Mr. and Mrs. Tichborne were not always concealed from servants or friends. Mr. Tichborne's "faithful Gossein," the valet, who had been with him from the earliest period of his married life, knew much of these domestic sorrows; and the *habitués* of that circle—the old friends who were at home at their table—saw more than once unpleasant tokens of these matrimonial storms which were rather the rule than the exception in that household. Still Mr. Tichborne loved his wife, and while lamenting his miseries most bitterly rarely failed to mingle with his complaints some expression indicating affection. Unfortunately Mrs. Tichborne's weaknesses increased with years, and developed into an eccentricity which, if it was not madness, seemed to many only to be explained by reference to that cause.

Mr. and Mrs. Tichborne had married in the year 1827, and on the 5th of January, 1829, a son was born to them, whom they baptized at the Madeleine Church in the name of Roger Charles. Ten years later they had another son, who was known as Alfred Joseph. Two little girls were also born to them, but these died young, so that the Tichborne family consisted only of father, mother, and the two sons. Of these the elder one, little Roger, concerns us most. There came a time when it was necessary to provide instructors for the lad, and Mrs. Tichborne, resolute in the determination to have her own way in all things, charged herself with the matter of his education. A tutor was engaged for him named Chatillon, whose duty it was not only to teach, but to take the little boy out to play in the public gardens of which there are in Paris so many. Afterwards there was a spiritual instructor for the boy in the person of Father Alexis Lefèvre, a priest who has since become renowned as a preacher, and from his miraculous escape from execution by the Communists in the civil strife which followed on the conclusion of the great war with Germany. The boy loved Father Lefèvre, and on the *fete* day of his patron saint Alexis was accustomed to make a special visit to the worthy father, taking with him an offering of flowers. As intelligence grew he confided to him his childish sorrows, and the priest gave him consolation. One day little Roger said to him, "Father, why is your hair all white?" Then the father told him how once when he was in Spain, and when he was still a young man, he dreamed a terrible dream of his father's death, and how the shock brought on an illness, and how from that time his hair began to change, and in the end grew prematurely gray. At other times he amused the boy with legends of the saints, telling him of a certain man in the old times who went away from father and mother,

and for some strange reason returned in the garb of a beggar, and lived in his father's great house a poor dependant, until he died, and the secret was revealed. Of instructors in the lore of the Roman Catholic Church Roger had indeed no lack. There was his mother's confessor, who for some time lived in the same house, and would occasionally interrogate the boy upon his studies. But if Roger grew to be a sound Catholic it is certain that he did not become a good scholar. It has been pleaded for Chatillon that he was impeded in the duty of teaching the boy by Mrs. Tichborne's inveterate habit of interference. Any way the scholar made but little progress in his studies. At one time Mr. Tichborne insisted on his son going to a public school, and accordingly he was placed in the suburb of Vaugirard at an establishment kept by the Abbé Dupanloup, who has since risen high, and is now better known as the Bishop of Orleans. But he had been there only a week when the restless, self-willed, and flighty Mrs. Tichborne interfered—insisted that her son should not observe the ordinary hours and regulations, but should be governed by a code of her own framing. Abbé Dupanloup politely refused to accede. A large school, he said, must be governed by its own laws, and the Abbé saw no reason for making exceptions in favor of the son of Monsieur Teeshborne. So poor Roger was peremptorily withdrawn, and consigned to the care of a tutor, who was more easily controlled.

All this while Mr. James Tichborne interfered little, or if he interfered was not very successful. He passed time at his club, where he was regarded as a good conversationalist. He took interest in politics and public affairs, and sought what consolation he could in the society of his old friend M. d'Aranza, the Comte de Mondreville, and others. His visits to England were rare, but once a

year it was his custom to make a trip to the South of France, or to the Channel Islands, or across the Alps into Italy. Sometimes Mrs. Tichborne accompanied him; on one memorable occasion little Roger and his tutor were of the party, and this time they went into Brittany. But even here poor Roger's ill-fortune pursued him, for one day when they were bathing in a little bay at Fornic he fell from a rock upon his head, and received so severe a blow that for some hours he remained insensible. These, however, were but slight troubles compared with the miseries he endured from the mother's strange fancies at home. He was growing old enough to understand the position of matters in his household, and was witness of many a scene of discord between mother and father which a child should not see. Thus he came to have more and more matters to confide to his friend the reverend father; and then there was the little grievance of how the mother fed him on the Frenchwoman's everlasting diet of thin soup, and other domestic troubles. But not the least of poor Roger's sorrows arose from the mother's faith in old nostrum's, and in her persistence in regarding the child as an object for the practice of what is known as "domestic medicine." Many a year after that the lad resented inquiries after his health from the over-anxious mother, as if he had been threatened again with the old torments, one of which was the horrible infliction of an issue in the arm, maintained in French fashion by inserting a pea in an incision made for the purpose, and keeping it there until the irritation which it caused produced a painful sore. For three years the poor boy suffered from this foolish old remedy for his imaginary ailments, complaining and fretting. But in the Tichborne household, save an occasional insurrection on the part of Mr. James, the mother ruled supreme. When the boy's slow progress in learning was the sub-

ject of remonstrance, new tutors were engaged one after another, but the result was the same. Now and then the restless lady in like manner engaged new lodgings, and Roger's home was shifted from one street to another, though always near the same quarter. But amid all these changes there was no variation in Mrs. Tichborne's habit of controlling the teachers of her son; and thus it came about that at the age of sixteen Roger Tichborne, though he spoke French with the ease and command of language of a young gentleman reared in Paris, in the society of refined and educated persons, wrote that language with an ignorance of correct spelling that would have disgraced the son of a porter.

Some years before this time, however, events had occurred in England which aroused Mr. James Tichborne more than ever to the necessity for giving his eldest son some different training. The then Lord of Tichborne, his brother, was growing in years, and was not likely to have an heir. Indeed it was the common belief of the county folks that the Tichborne family must ere long become extinct, the foundation of this notion being attached to the old legend of the distribution of the "Tichborne Dole," the story of which was as follows: In the reign of Henry I. Sir Roger de Tichborne married Mabella, the sole heiress of the powerful house of Lamerston, in the Isle of Wight. This lady was famed for her piety and charity, and it was commonly believed among the superstitious peasantry of those days that she had the power even of working miracles. When worn out with age and infirmities she petitioned her husband for the means of instituting a distribution—or "dole," as it was then called—of bread, to be given to every person who should come to the old house and ask for it on every Lady Day forever. To this request her husband not only acceded, but promised

her for the purpose as much land as she could walk round in the neighborhood of the house while a billet of wood, which was to be lighted, should continue to burn. It would seem to have been a somewhat unkind condition to require a wife weighed down with age to perform pedestrian exercises of this kind ; and the concession is unfortunately open to the suspicion of being dictated by the belief that the result would not deprive the Lord of Tichborne of any very large portion of his ancestral estates. If so, however, he underrated the strength with which faith and charity will sometimes endow the weak. Old Lady Tichborne was not to be daunted by the trifling difficulty that she happened to be bed-ridden. She caused herself at once to be lifted from her couch and carried to a choice and fertile meadow of several acres in extent. The fire having then been applied to the faggot, she commenced alternately walking by the aid of props and crawling upon her hands, and, finding herself suddenly blessed with unusual power, she succeeded in completing the entire circuit of the meadow before the last little tongue of blue flame hovering on the wreaths of smoke had finally dropped out, and the faggot was reduced to ashes. The spot where this semi-miraculous event took place is still pointed out, lying to the north-east of the house, and it has ever since been known by the name of "The Crawls." Lady Tichborne was said to have threatened the downfall of the house and the extinction of the name of Tichborne if any of her successors should be wicked enough to abolish the annual work of charity. Such, indeed, was the tenor of the old legend of the Tichborne Dole, which was annually distributed in 1,200 small loaves, in the fashion which will be seen in our engraving from Tilberg's picture. But towards the close of the last century it began to be felt that our forefathers were not always as wise as they

were benevolent—that, in fact, the Tichborne Dole did but little good for the honest and deserving, while it attracted in great numbers the idle and dissolute. The “Dole Day,” in fact, was attended with scenes of confusion and disorder, and was, therefore, at last abolished. When, shortly after that, the venerable house with its two wings, as depicted in Tilberg’s painting, its secret passages and quaint staircases, was pulled down to make way for the present modern mansion, the conviction that the ancient glories of Tichborne were shaken became confirmed; nor did it matter much in popular estimation that the whole annual cost of the “Dole” continued to be bestowed upon the poor in a wiser form. Before long the people’s old prophecy must have its fulfillment, and Tichborne would be without an heir. Singularly enough, this notion soon began to receive a striking confirmation. Sir Henry Joseph Tichborne, who succeeded to the baronetcy in 1821, was popular in the county. His hale and robust form, his light hair and clear blue eyes, his frankness and good humor, his jovial frame and bearing, suggested to visitors of the Tichborne family recollections of Cedric in the romance of “Ivanhoe,” and constituted him the very ideal head of a race unquestionably of Saxon descent. But for all this, people said that the curse of Lady Mabella was upon him and his house. Witness the fact that, though time after time a child was born to him, Providence blessed him with no male heir. Again and again the news came that a child was born at Tichborne, but country folks shook their heads, and foretold that it was “a girl.” And they were right. Sir Henry had seven children, of whom six lived, and were celebrated for their good looks and their tall and handsome proportions; but all the seven were daughters. Still there was Sir Henry’s brother, Edward Tichborne, who had taken large estates under the will of

a Miss Doughty, and with them had assumed the name of that lady, and he was after Sir Henry the next heir.

Edward had a son and daughter. But one day there came the news that another step had been reached towards the fulfillment of the dismal old prophecy. Sir Edward's little boy had died, and then it was that Mr. Tichborne perceived more clearly the error that he had made in permitting Roger to grow up ignorant of English habits and totally unacquainted with the English tongue. Edward Doughty was an old man. His brother, James Tichborne himself was growing in years. The prospect of Roger one day becoming the head of the old House of Tichborne, which had once been so remote, had now become almost a certainty. It would not do for the Lord of Tichborne to be a Frenchman; sooner or later he must learn English, and receive an education fitting him to take the position which now appeared in store for him. All this was clear enough to Mr. James, but not so clear to his weak-headed wife. The father did, indeed, obtain her consent to take the boy over to England, and let him see his uncle and aunt, the Doughtys, at Upton, in Dorsetshire, and his uncle, Sir Henry, at the ancestral home down in Hampshire. But Roger was then but a child, and as he grew older Mrs. Tichborne became more than ever resolute in her determination that, come what might, her darling should be a Frenchman. What cared she for the old Hampshire traditions? France was to her the only land worth living in; a Frenchman's life was the only life worthy of the name. Her dear Roger might succeed to the title and estates but she could not bear the thought of his going to England. It was, in her imagination, a land of cold, bleak rains and unwholesome fogs. But it was worse; it was the country of a people who had been false to their ancient faith. Even the Tichbornes, though still Catho-

lics, had not always been true to their religion. Why should her Roger go to live in that wilderness of infidelity, when there was France, and above all Paris, open to him, and friends and connections formed there from childhood always ready to welcome him? For herself at least, France must be her home, and the idea of parting with her Roger was hateful. The result of all this was that Mrs. Tichborne had planned out for the future heir of Tichborne a life of perpetual absenteeism. He should marry into some distinguished family in France; or if Italy should furnish him a bride, nothing short of a Princess should share his fortune. If he went into the army it should be in some foreign service. But in no case should he go to Tichborne, or set foot in England again, if she could help it.

It has been remarked that Mr. James Tichborne was like many other weak men who have a self-willed wife. He put off the inevitable day when on some point of duty it is necessary to decide upon a course, and take it. Finally, he achieved his purpose by a *ruse*. Roger was in his seventeenth year when the news arrived that Sir Henry had died. It was right that Mr. James Tichborne should be present at his brother's funeral, and reasonable that he should take with him his eldest son, Roger. Accordingly, Roger took leave of his mother under solemn injunctions to return quickly. But Mr. Tichborne had no intention of allowing his son to return. The boy attended the funeral of his uncle at the old chapel at Tichborne, went to his grandfather's place at Knoyle, and thence, by the advice of relations and friends, and with the consent of the boy himself, he was taken down to the famous Roman Catholic College at Stonyhurst, and there placed in the seminary with the class of students known as "philosophers." When Mrs. Tichborne learned that this step had been completed her

fury knew no bounds. Roger wrote her kind and filial letters in French—ill-spelt it is true, but admirably worded, and testifying an amount of good sense, which promised well for his manhood. But Mrs. Tichborne gave no reply, and for twelve months the son, though longing ardently for a letter, got no token of affection from the resentful mother. Yet Mrs. Tichborne was not the person to see her son removed from her control without an effort. She upbraided her husband violently, and there was a renewal of the old scenes in the Tichborne household; but Roger was now far away, and the danger of Mr. Tichborne's yielding in a momentary fit of weakness was at an end. Meanwhile the mother wrote violent letters to the heads of the college, exposing family troubles in a way which called forth a sorrowful but wise remonstrance from the lad himself. Roger was now growing to manhood, but so little was this fact regarded by the mother who had kept him in tutelage so long that she planned a scheme in concert with one Jolivalt, who had been a tutor of Roger, for kidnapping the youth, and bearing him out of the Pagan territory of Lancashire into the Christian land of France. The conspirators actually started on their expedition, but got no further than Boulogne. The result, however, would certainly not have been more satisfactory to them even if they had got to Stonyhurst. The truth was that from the moment when he escaped from the harassing and incessant control of the mother the boy had become a man. He had already a fund of sound common sense, he was fully alive to the necessity of study, more than that he had a judgment and a will of his own, as henceforth all who came in contact with Roger Tichborne quickly discovered. What was the precise nature of his studies at Stonyhurst, and what progress he made in them, are questions that have been much debated, but it is certain

that he applied himself resolutely to the study of English, and made such progress that, although he could never speak it with so much purity and command of words as when conversing in his mother tongue, he learnt to write it with only occasional errors in spelling and construction. In Latin he made some progress, and in mathematics still more. He attended voluntarily classes on chemistry, and his letters evidence an inclination for the study both of science and polite literature.

The three years which Roger Tichborne spent at Stonyhurst were probably the happiest of his life. He had many school friends, and what was more, in his vacations he made the acquaintance and gradually won the affection of a very large circle of relatives. There was his grandfather, Seymour, who, though for family reasons he was never called by that title, soon became accustomed to see the youth from Paris at the picturesque house down at Knoyle, and the sons and daughters of Mr. Seymour became to Roger something more than cousins. The six surviving daughters of Sir Henry had all married, and were settled in various parts of England, and at their houses the lad who had no home of his own found a kind reception. But there was one house above all others to which Roger Tichborne was happy to go, and it is some evidence of the amiable character of the youth that after a short time there was no place to which he went with a more certain anticipation of a joyful welcome. This was the house at Tichborne, then in possession of his father's brother, Sir Edward Doughty. There was a certain amount of delicacy in his position towards his uncle and his aunt, Lady Doughty, which cannot but be intelligible to any one who has the least knowledge of human failings. It is not in the nature of things that either Lady Doughty or her husband could have been greatly predisposed towards the youthful

stranger, and Roger was shy and reserved and over-sensitive. He had the misfortune to stand in the place which they must once have ardently hoped that their dead child would have lived to inherit. Sir Edward, too, was in failing health, and his brother James was an old man. The time, therefore, could not be distant when this youth, with his foreign habits and his strong French accent, would take possession of Tichborne Park with all the ancient lands. More than that, he would come into absolute possession of the new Doughty property, including the beautiful residence of Upton, near Poole in Dorsetshire, for which the Doughty family had so strong an affection. It was through Sir Edward alone that this property had been acquired, but the lady who had bequeathed it to him had no notion of founding a second family ; in time all the lands and houses in various counties bequeathed by her, as well as those which were purchased by trustees under her will, were to go to swell the Tichborne estates, and to increase the grandeur and renown of the old Catholic family. Upton was indeed the favorite home of the Doughtys. Sir Edward, who had been in the West Indies, had returned thence with his black servant, named Andrew Bogle, then a boy, and had married and settled, doubtless for a long time looking on Upton as their home for life. It cost them a pang to remove even to the house at Tichborne. It was at Upton that their only surviving child, Miss Kate Doughty, had spent all her early years, and to return there and enjoy the fresh sea breezes in the summer holidays was always a delight. It was hard to think that even Upton must pass from them, and that the day was probably not far distant when there would be nothing left for them but to yield up their home and estates to the new comer, and retire even upon a widow's handsome jointure and the fortune of Miss Kate. But if such feelings ever passed

through the minds of the family at Tichborne they could have been only transient. The shy, pale-faced boy with the long, dark locks came always to Tichborne in his holidays, making his way steadily in the favor of that household, and this not from interested motives on the part of Lady Doughty, as has been falsely alleged, and triumphantly disproved, but clearly from something in the nature of the youth which disarmed ill-feeling. It is curious to observe in the letters which Roger Tichborne was so fond of writing to his friends the evidences of how soon the English instincts that had been so carefully suppressed by his French mother began to assert themselves. He took delight in country life, and though he did not bring down the partridges in the woods or throw the fly upon the surface of the Itchen with a degree of skill that would command much respect in the county of Hants, he did his best, and really liked the out-door life. In hunting he took a genuine delight from the time when he donned his first scarlet coat, with the regulation buttons of the Hampshire Hunt, and he rarely, when at his uncle's, missed an opportunity of appearing at "the meet" in that neighborhood. Country gentlemen saw and approved, and the offense of an heir to Tichborne being half a Frenchman was probably soon condoned in the face of such genuine proof of sympathy with an English country gentleman's pastime.

The time had now come when Roger should think of a profession, and Mr. James Tichborne again gave mortal offense to his wife by determining that the young man should go into the army. Mrs. Tichborne was shocked and amazed that the English army should be chosen, when Roger could easily have gone into a foreign service, and storms were again brewing in Paris; but poor Mr. Tichborne made up his mind to bear the brunt of her displeasure at his pursuing a course so natural as that

of choosing an English life for his son and heir. Among the cousins of Roger—daughters of Sir Henry—was one who had married Colonel William Greenwood, of the Grenadier Guards. Their house at Brookwood was but half an hour's ride from Tichborne, and Roger was fond of visiting there. Colonel William's brother George was also in the army, and Colonel George took kindly to Roger, was fond of the youth, and determined to do his best to get him on. So he took him one morning to the Horse Guards, and introduced him to Lord Fitzroy Somerset, the Commander-in-Chief, afterwards better known as Lord Raglan, who promised him a commission. There was a little delay in keeping this promise, but the young man did not go troubling uncles again, but took the self-reliant course of writing direct to the Horse Guards, to remind the Commander-in-Chief of what he had said; and before long Mr. Roger Charles Tichborne was gazetted a cornet in the 6th Dragoons, better known as the Carabineers. Roger had been studying hard both at Tichborne and at Mr. Seymour's house in Grosvenor Square at military matters. He passed his examination at Sandhurst satisfactorily, and went straight over to Dublin to join his regiment. From Dublin he went to the south of Ireland, and twice he came over to England on short visits. He went through the painful ordeal of practical joking which awaited every young officer in those days, and came out of it, not without annoyance and an occasional display of resentment, yet, on the whole, in a way which conciliated his brother officers, and no man was more liked in the regiment than Roger Tichborne, affectionately nicknamed among them "Teesh." In 1852 the Carabineers came over and were quartered at Canterbury. They expected then to be sent to India, but the order was countermanded, and Roger with chagrin saw himself doomed apparently

to a life of inaction. With chagrin, for he was now weary of life in England, for a reason that was well known at the old home in Hampshire, but which was as yet a secret even from Mr. James and Mrs. Tichborne.

There is a letter of Roger Tichborne among the mass of correspondence which he kept up at this, and indeed at every other period of his grown-up life, in which he notices the fact that his mother still dwelt upon her old idea of providing him with a wife in the shape of one of those Italian princesses of which he had heard so much. The lady who had sprung from the great House of Bourbon Conti would have nothing less in rank for her son, and Italian princesses were, to her mind, not difficult to find, "though," said Roger, in the letter referred to, "I would not give a sixpence for a whole wagon-load of them." In fact, Roger's heart had already no place unoccupied.

In all his visits to Tichborne, though on one occasion he had stayed there many months, Roger had for many years never met his cousin, Miss Kate Doughty, the only child of his aunt and uncle. He had seen her long before, when he came over as a child from Paris on a visit, but Miss Doughty was too young at that time to have retained much impression of the little dark-haired French boy, who could hardly have said "Good morning, cousin," in her native tongue. Some dim recollection that they rode on ponies together in the grounds at Upton, attended by a servant, may have remained; but since then Roger Tichborne had grown to manhood, and his cousin herself was coming to the close of her school-days. It was at this critical period, Roger being then twenty years of age, that they met for a few days at Bath, where both had come on the melancholy duty of taking leave of Mr. Seymour, then lying dangerously ill and near his death. Then they parted again; Roger

went to Tichborne for a long stay, but Miss Doughty returned to school at the convent at Taunton. In the Midsummer holidays, however, they once more met at the house in Hampshire, and for six weeks the young cousins saw each other daily. Then Miss Doughty went away to Scotland with her parents; but the "cousin from Paris" was assiduous, and took upon himself the pleasant duty of going to see the party take their departure from St. Katherine's Wharf. The cool, bright days of October found the party again assembled in the walks and gardens of Tichborne Park. But the sterner business of life was approaching. Roger took farewell of uncle, aunt, and cousin, that month, to go to Ireland and join his regiment, and Miss Doughty, whose school-days were not yet ended, went down to a convent at Newhall, in Essex, there to continue her studies. When Roger got a short leave of absence, his first thought was to visit his uncle and aunt, who had so affectionate a regard for him. There was a summer visit to Upton, in Dorsetshire, for a week, when Miss Doughty happened to be there; and there was a visit to Tichborne in January, 1850, when there were great festivities, for Roger attained his majority on the fifth of that month; and there were family balls and servants' balls, and trees planted in honor of the occasion. But again the cousins took farewell, and, as cruel Fate ordained, met no more for a year and a half.

It was no wonder that Roger loved Tichborne, with all its associations. In that well-ordered and affectionate household he found a tranquillity and happiness to which he had been a stranger in his own home. In his correspondence with his father and mother at this time there were no lack of tokens of a loving son; but no one was more sensible than Roger of the miseries of that life which he had led up to the ever-blessed day when

he came away to pursue his studies at the Jesuit College, and to learn to be an Englishman. He felt deeply for his father, and the sorrows which domestic differences caused him, and for a long time there were no happier days for the young officer of Dragoons than those which he spent with Mr. James Tichborne when he came over on brief visits. But Tichborne had come to be his home. He knew all the green lanes and fields for many a mile around: and the dull sound of his horse's hoofs upon the turf of the chalk downs was music in his ears. But there was another association—deeper and more tender—long unsuspected, yet growing steadily, until it absorbed all his thoughts, and gave to that neighborhood a glory and a light invisible to other eyes. Roger had spent many happy hours with his cousin; she had grown in those few years from a girl almost into a woman, and he had come to love her deeply.

To Miss Doughty he said not a word; to Sir Edward he dared not speak; but one day Roger took an opportunity of confiding to Lady Doughty the new secret of his life. To his great joy his aunt did not discourage the idea; but Miss Doughty was still but a girl of fifteen; and there was the grave objection—more than ordinarily grave in the eyes of professors of their religion—that the twain were first cousins. Still, Catholic first cousins do marry with the leave of the Church; and Lady Doughty had too much regard for her nephew to feel displeasure at the thought of his being united to them by a closer tie. But there were important conditions. If the day was ever to come when she could allow him to speak with his cousin on the footing of lovers, he must reform his habits. Though Roger was of a kind and considerate disposition, truthful, honorable, and scrupulous in points of duty, he had certain

habits which assumed serious proportions in the mind of a lady so strict in notions of propriety. He had, even in Paris, acquired the habit of smoking immoderately. In the regiment he had been compelled, by evil customs then prevailing, to go through a noviciate in the matter of imbibing "military port;" and his habits had followed him to Tichborne, where the odor of pipes haunted the terrace-walks throughout his visits; and—horror of horrors—the young officer had been seen at least on one occasion, in a state of preternaturally high spirits, only to be explained by his having lingered in the dining-room too long after the retirement of the ladies. Even worse, he was accustomed to bring in his portmanteau French novels, which were decidedly objectionable, though few young men—or, at least, few young Frenchmen—would probably regard it as much sin to read them. So little did the young man appreciate her objections to this exciting kind of literature that he had actually recommended to his aunt some stories, which no amount of humor and cleverness could prevent that pious lady regarding as debasing, and absolutely immoral. Now, that there seemed a prospect of her nephew's destiny being united with that of a dear and only child, it was natural enough that the mother's standard of perfection in a son-in-law should rise even above a reasonable height. But Jacob toiled seven years for Rachel; and what would Roger not do to please the mother of the young lady whom he loved so deeply? All sorts of pledges were given; all kinds of good resolutions taken; and manful efforts were made to attain to the ideal life which he had resolved upon. But among the distinguished society in which Roger, in common with the other officers, freely mingled, in Dublin, Cahir, Waterford, and Clonmel, Lady Doughty had "good-natured friends," who gave terrible accounts of

barrack life, and the dissipation of young Carabineers. To tell the truth, such idle practical jokes as attiring a young donkey in bedgown and nightcap, and tying him down in the bed of a young brother officer, were not the most innocent of the escapades of young men who, with health and strength, and large capacity for work, were compelled, to a great extent, to lead an idle life. Mess dinners could not be avoided, and occasional deep potations were only to be escaped by the most resolute self-will. How Lady Doughty felt under all this will be best shown by the following extract from one of her letters, among that voluminous mass of Roger Tichborne's correspondence, which may be said to have been almost miraculously preserved :—

“ 1850. Tichborne Park, begun 29 Jan., finished 31st.

“ MY DEAREST ROGER,—After three weeks being between life and death, it has pleased God to restore me so far that I have this day, for the first time, been in the wheel-chair to the drawing-room, and I hasten to begin my thanks to you for your letters, especially that private one, though it may yet be some days before I finish all I wish to say to you, for I am yet very weak, and my eyes scarcely allow of reading or writing. . . . Remember, dear Roger, that by that conversation in town you gave me every right to be deeply interested in your fate, and, therefore, doubly do I feel grieved when I see you abusing that noblest of God's gifts to man, reason, by diminishing its power. . . . I cannot recall to my mind the subject you say I was beginning in the drawing-room when interrupted; probably it might have had reference to the confidence which you say you do not repent having placed in me. No, dear Roger, never repent it; be fully assured that I never shall betray that confidence. You are young, and intercourse with life and the society you must mix with, might very possibly

change your feelings towards one now dear to you, or rather, settle them into the affection of a brother towards a sister; but, whatever may be the case hereafter, my line of duty is marked out, and ought steadily to be followed—that is, not to encourage anything that could fetter the future choice of either party, before they had fully seen others, and mixed with the world, and with all the fond care of a mother, endeavor, while she is yet so young, to prevent her heart and mind from being occupied by ideas not suited to what should be her present occupations, and hereafter, with the blessing of God, guard her against the dangers she may be liable to be ensnared into by the position in which she is placed.

. . . You have been, I rejoice to hear, raised in the opinion of all with whom you have lately had to transact business, by your firmness and decision. You are in an honorable profession, which gives you occupation.

. . . Resist drink or a rash throwing away life, or wasting in any way the energies of a naturally strong, sensible mind, and really attached heart. Now, write to me soon; tell me truly if I have tried your patience by this long letter which I venture to send, for it is when returning to life, as I now feel, that renewed love to all dear to one seems to take possession of our hearts, so you must forgive it if you find it long. Your uncle and cousin send their kindest love. Adieu, dearest Roger, ever be assured of the sincere affection and real attachment of your aunt,
KATHERINE DOUGHTY."

In replying to letters of this kind, the young man protested that his failings had been exaggerated, and there is a trace of vexation that Lady Doughty should have lent an ear to reports of his manner of life which were colored in an unfriendly way; but there was no abatement in the affectionate terms on which he stood with his aunt at Tichborne.

Matters, however, could not long go on in this fashion. As yet Roger Tichborne had never spoken of his love to Miss Doughty, though it cannot be doubted that some tokens had revealed that secret. Years after these events, Miss Doughty, then Lady Radcliffe, was compelled, in vindication of herself, and for the sake of the rights of others so cruelly assailed, to stand up in a crowded court of justice and re-open those old sorrows. She was then asked kindly by the Judge, whether she did not at that time know that her cousin loved her, and with a simple frankness, she answered, promptly, "My Lord, I *hoped* he did." But love must find expression in something more than hints and tokens, or even hopes. So at last came the inevitable time. It was Christmas Eve, 1851, that Roger joyfully set foot in Tichborne Park once more. That was a happy meeting in all but the fact that Sir Edward Doughty was in weak health. Nothing else clouded the unspoken happiness of the young pair, except, perhaps, the fact that both knew that neither Miss Doughty's father, nor the father and mother of Roger Tichborne as yet knew anything of their growing attachment. But young people are hopeful in such matters, and think but little of the future. Meanwhile, however, Sir Edward had begun to observe how much time the cousins spent together. Miss Doughty had given Roger a keepsake volume of Father Faber's hymns, and there was an exchange of gifts. Suddenly the truth flashed across the mind of the father, and he was vexed and angry. It was on a Sunday morning; the two cousins had been walking in the garden, enjoying the bright winter day, and they were sitting together at breakfast, when a message came that Sir Edward desired to see his nephew in the library.

The bolt had fallen. Roger did not come back to the breakfast-table; but the eyes of the cousins met sorrow-

fully in the chapel, and in the afternoon, with Lady Doughty's permission, they saw each other in the drawing-room, to take farewell. For Sir Edward's fiat had gone forth. Marriage between first cousins was forbidden by the Church, and there were other reasons why he was resolute that this engagement should be broken off before it grew more serious. So the happy holiday was cut short, and it was arranged that on the very next morning early the young man should leave the house forever. Thus the great hope of Roger's life was suddenly extinguished, and there was nothing left for him but to sail with his regiment for India, and endeavor, if he could, to forget the past. Some days after that, at his cousin's request, he wrote out for her a narrative of his sorrows at this time, in which he said:—

“What I felt when I left my uncle, it is difficult for me to explain. I was like thunderstruck. I came back to my room, and tried to pack up my things, but was obliged to give up the attempt, as my mind was quite absent. I sank on a chair, and remained there, my head buried between my two knees, for more than half an hour. What was the nature of my thoughts, my dearest K., you may easily imagine. To think that I was obliged to leave you the next day, not to see you again—not, perhaps, for years, if ever I came back from India. The idea was breaking my heart. It passed on, giving me no relief, until about two o'clock, when my aunt told me that you wished to see me. That news gave me more pleasure than I could express—so much so, that I never could have expected it. The evening that I saw you, my dear K., about five o'clock, you cannot conceive what pleasure it gave me. I saw you felt my going away, so I determined to tell you everything I felt towards you. What I told you it is not necessary to repeat, as I suppose you remember it. When I came

away from the drawing-room, my mind was so much oppressed that it was impossible to think of going to bed. I stopped up until two o'clock in the morning. I do not think it necessary, my dearest K., to tire you with all the details of what I have felt for you during these two days; suffice it to say, that I never felt more acute pain, especially during the night, when I could not sleep. I promise to my own dearest Kate, on my word and honor, that I will be back in England, if she is not married, or engaged, towards the end of the autumn of 1854, or the month of January, 1855. If she is so engaged, I shall remain in India for ten or fifteen years, and shall wish for her happiness, which I shall be too happy to promote."

The young pair had not, however, given up hope of some change. Though Lady Doughty had a secret dread of her nephew's habits, she had a strong regard for him, and would be certain to plead his cause. But, in a very few days, circumstances unexpectedly favored his suit. Sir Edward's malady grew worse, the physicians despaired, and he believed himself near his end. At such times the will is weaker, and he had probably observed the sorrow which his determination had caused to his only child. Hence, perhaps, it was that Roger was sent for, hurriedly, to take farewell of his uncle. As Roger approached the sick bed, his uncle addressed him in these words, which the young man noted down immediately afterwards, for Miss Doughty's eyes:—

"I know, my dear Roger, the mutual attachment which exists between you and your cousin. If you were not so near related, I should not object at all to a marriage between you two, but, however, wait three years; then, if the attachment still exists between you, and you can get your father's consent and also leave from the

Church, it will be the will of God, and I will not object to it any longer."

To which the nephew answered:—

"Ever since I have had the pleasure of knowing you and my cousin, I have always tried to act towards you two in the most honorable way I possibly could. The Church, as you know, grants dispensations on these occasions. Of course, if you approve of it, I will get my father's consent, and also leave from the Church, and do it in an honorable way in the eyes of God and of the world."

Days passed, and Roger sat up night after night in attendance on his uncle's sick bed. It was during those tedious watchings that he again wrote, at Miss Doughty's request, a narrative of his feelings:—

"Tichborne Park, Feb. 4, 1852 (1:30 A. M.)

"I shall go on (he said) with my confessions, only asking for some indulgence if you find them too long and too tedious. You are, my dearest K., the only one for whom I have formed so strong and sincere an attachment. I never could have believed, a few years ago, I was able to get so attached to another. You are the only young person who has shown me some kindness, for which I feel very thankful. It is, in some respects, rather a painful subject for me to have to acknowledge my faults; but, as I have undertaken the task, I must write all I have done, and what have been my thoughts, for the last five weeks. I had a very wrong idea when I left Ireland. It was this—I thought that you had entirely forgotten me. I was, nevertheless, very anxious to come to Tichborne, for a short time, to take a last farewell of you, my uncle, and my aunt. My mind and heart were then so much oppressed by these thoughts, that it was my intention not to come back from India for ten or fifteen years. I loved you, my dearest K., as

dearly as ever. I would have done anything in this world to oblige you, and give you more of that happiness which I hoped I might see you enjoy. I would have given my life for your happiness' sake. To have seen all these things, I repeat again, with a dry eye and an unbroken heart, or for a person who has a strong feeling of attachment towards another, to behold it, is almost beyond human power. These feelings will arise when I shall be thousands of miles from you, but I have taken my pains and sorrows, and your happiness in this world, and said a prayer that you might bear the pains and sorrows of this world with courage and resignation, and, by these means, be happy in the next. When I came here, I found I had been mistaken in the opinion I had formed, and I reproached myself bitterly, for ever having such an idea. It is not necessary for me to mention that I got rid of these bad thoughts in a few minutes. Things went on happily until Sunday, January 11, 1852, when I was sent for by my uncle, at breakfast. What took place between us, I think it unnecessary to repeat, as you know already. I was obliged to leave the next morning, by the first train, for London. I never felt before so deeply in my life, what it was to part with the only person I ever loved. How deeply I felt, I cannot express, but I shall try to explain as much of it as I can in the next chapter.

“What I have suffered last night I cannot easily explain. You do not know, my own dearest K., what are my feelings towards you. You cannot conceive how much I loved you. It breaks my heart, my own dearest K., to think how long I shall be without seeing you. I do feel that more than I can tell you. You have the comfort of a home, and, moreover, at some time or other, some person to whom you can speak, and who will comfort you. I have none. I am thrown on the

world quite alone, without a friend, nothing; but, however, I shall try and take courage, and, I hope that when you will see me in three years, you will find a change for the better. I shall employ these three years to reform my conduct, and become all that you wish to see me. I shall never, my own, my dearest K., forget the few moments I have spent with you, but, on the contrary, I shall only consider them as the happiest of my life. You cannot imagine how much pleasure your letter has given me. It proved to me, far beyond any possible doubt, what are your feelings towards me. I did not, it is true, require that proof to know how you felt for me. It is for that reason that I thank you most sincerely for that proof of confidence, by expressing yourself so kindly and openly to me. You may rest assured, my own dearest K., that nothing in this world will prevent me, except death in actual service, from coming back from India at the time I have named to you—the latter part of the autumn of 1854, or the beginning of 1855. It will be a great comfort for me, my own dearest K., when I shall be in India, to think of you. It will be, I may say, the only pleasure I shall have to think of, the first person I ever loved. You may rest assured, that nothing in the world will make me change. Moreover, if you wish me to come back sooner, only write to me, and I shall not remain five minutes in the army more than I can help. I shall always be happy to comply with your wishes, and come back as soon as possible. Again rest assured, my dearest K., that, if in any situation of life I can be of help or service to you, I shall only be too happy, my dearest K., to serve and oblige you.

“Your very affectionate cousin,

“R. C. TICHBORNE.”

Roger Tichborne went back to his regiment in Ireland, soon after that; but the Carabineers were finally

removed to Canterbury, and in the summer he again got leave of absence, which he spent with his aunt and cousin in London, and finally at Tichborne. This was a joyful meeting, but the happiness of the young pair was tinged with melancholy forebodings, for it was understood that they were then to bid good-bye for many a day. The time when they would be permitted to regard each other as irrevocably engaged, was yet far distant. Nearly three years, indeed, were still to elapse, and the hard condition was that each should be regarded as free during that period, and that they should not even see each other. Roger begged hard to be allowed to write, but even that was forbidden, and he honorably observed the parents' wishes. The test was, perhaps, little in his eyes; but would Miss Doughty, in all that long time of absence, form no other attachment? or, would not her parents seek to escape from a reluctant compromise, by even encouraging other suitors? There was some amount of bitterness in the young man's heart when he thought of these things, but he had a scheme for wearing away the time, and, come what would, he would endeavor to be hopeful.

It was on the 22nd of June, 1852, that the young people walked together for the last time, in the garden of Tichborne House, where Roger had spent so many checkered days. They talked of the future hopefully, but it was a hard task to keep heart. For her comfort, however, he told her a secret. Some months before that time he had made a vow, and written out and signed it, solemnly. It was in these words:—

“I make on this day, a promise, that if I marry my cousin, Kate Doughty, this year, or before three years are over, at the latest, to build a church or chapel at Tichborne, to the Holy Virgin, in thanksgiving for the

protection which she has showed us, in praying God that our wishes might be fulfilled.

“ R. C. TICHBORNE.”

In the eyes of good Catholics such a solemn promise was a pledge of future happiness, and, thus, on the 22nd of June, the two were parted, henceforth never to meet again in this world.

Roger went back to his regiment, and indulged his habitual melancholy. He gave up all parties of pleasure. To his great regret, the order of the Carabineers to go to India had been countermanded ; but he had no intention of leading the dull round of barrack life in Canterbury. He had determined to go abroad for a year and a half or two years ; by that time the allotted period of trial would be near an end. It has been said, by his enemies, that he “ choose to go on a wild and wandering expedition, the motives of which few could understand.” But, there is no difficulty in understanding the motives of Roger Tichborne, when we read the numerous letters which he wrote at this period. He had determined to leave a profession which offered no outlet for his energies. The tame round of the cities and picture-galleries of Europe,—the regulation programme of travel, which, in the last century, used to be known as “the grand tour,” had no charms for him. Among the many books which he read at this time, were the Indian romances of Chateaubriand, “René,” “Attila,” and “Le Dernier Abencerrage,” wherein, amidst much verbiage, is a captivating story of a young Frenchman, who, in past times, went away, to forget his troubles by visiting the Indian tribes in the forests of Florida, and the wild prairies of Louisiana and New Mexico. How deeply these stories impressed his mind, is apparent in his letters to Lady Doughty. “Happy (he says) was the life of René. He knew how to take his troubles with courage, and keep

them to himself,—retired from all his friends, to be more at liberty to think about his sorrows and misfortunes, and bury them in himself. I admire that man for his courage—that is, the courage to carry those sorrows to the grave which drove him into solitude.” But the prairies of Louisiana have, since René’s time, become peopled, and the traveler may now look in vain for Indians in the wilds of Florida. South America promised a richer harvest of savage life and picturesque scenery, and his thoughts had long before been directed to that country. Among his intimate friends and schoolfellows at Stonyhurst, was Mr. Edward Waterton, whose father, the celebrated naturalist, had given to the college a collection of stuffed foreign birds, and other preserved animals ; and, there can be no doubt, that the famous narratives of adventure in South America, of that distinguished traveler, were among the books which Roger and other college friends read at that period. Perhaps, no book of travel more fascinating for youthful readers was ever written than Mr. Waterton’s “Wanderings,” in which he teaches how to sleep in hammocks, in the luxuriant Peruvian forests, and to snare the hideous caiman in the mighty rivers of Brazil. How deeply the splendors of the natural history collection of Stonyhurst had impressed the mind of the boy, is evidenced in the fact that Roger took delight at school in practicing the art of preserving birds and other animals ; while, long afterwards, in humble emulation of the great naturalist’s achievement, he gathered and sent home, when on his travels, many a specimen of birds of splendid plumage. South America, in short, had long been the subject of his dreams ; and now, in traveling in that vast continent, he would try to find occupation for the mind, and get through the long time of waiting, which he had undertaken to bear patiently. His scheme was to spend a twelvemonth in

Chili, Guayaquil, and Peru, seeing, not only wild scenes, but famous cities; thence to visit Mexico, and so, by way of the United States, find his way back to England.

Having taken this resolution, he set about putting his affairs in order, for Roger Tichborne, though endowed with strong passions, was a man of business-like habits, and by no means prone to neglect his worldly interests. When he came of age, he had himself sketched out a new settlement of the great Tichborne and Doughty estates, and his resolute will resulted in his plans being adopted. There had been a desire to sell the house and grounds of Upton, in Dorsetshire; but for this, his consent, as the ultimate heir, was necessary, and he insisted that the property should remain in the family. Upton was the early home of Miss Doughty; he knew of her affection for the place, and he had conceived a plan for making it her home again, whenever he should have power to dispose of it. In this spirit he made his will,—saying, however, as he remarked in one of his letters, “nothing about the church or chapel at Tichborne,” which, he said, he would only build under the conditions mentioned in the paper which he had left in the hands of his dearest and most trusted friend, Mr. Gosford, the steward of the family estates. In truth, months before the day when he gave Miss Doughty that copy of “The Vow,” in the garden at Tichborne, he had solemnly signed and sealed up this compact with his own conscience, and deposited it, with other precious mementos of that time, in his friend’s safe-keeping. Parting with friends in England cost him, perhaps, but little sorrow, for his mind was full of projects to be carried into effect on his return. He aspired to the character of a traveler, and to be qualified for membership at the Travelers’ Club, where, in one of his letters while abroad, he requests that his name may be inscribed as a candidate.

To his cousins, aunts, and uncles, at Knoyle, at Brookwood, and at Towneley, he promised to write frequent letters. He had an old habit of keeping diaries, and he promised to send extracts ; and, after all, the time would not be long.

But, there was one house in which Roger Tichborne shrank from saying farewell. He had made a solemn resolution that he would go to Tichborne no more while matters remained thus, and his pride was wounded by what appeared to him to be a want of confidence in his character, on the part of Lady Doughty. In his bitterness, he suspected her sometimes of merely playing with his feelings, and, with secretly determining to bring about another match for her daughter. In a worldly point of view, it is difficult to conceive a union more desirable than that of the two cousins. But, it is clear, that the mother trembled for the future of her child. Hence, she still gave ready ear to tales of the wild life of the regiment, and hinted them in her letters to her nephew in a way that made him angry, but not vindictive. The correspondence between aunt and nephew, continued to the last, and, throughout his long travels, affectionate and tender ; but her conduct in one point, cut him to the quick. "I will not go to Tichborne," he thought, "to make a show of my misery to one who plays upon me thus." The idea of a formal parting was hateful. He was asked kindly to go and see his uncle, Sir Edward, before starting ; but his will was inflexible, and he went away, as he had all along said that he would, resolved, like René, for awhile at least, "to have the courage to bury his sorrows within himself." Yet, how deeply settled was the passion that had grown up so imperceptibly in those pleasant holidays at Tichborne, may be traced, again and again, in his letters from South America. Except from the mother, he is always craving

for news of the Tichborne circle. "Is Miss Doughty married?" he asks. "Has not one of those Scotch lords, for which my aunt has so much affection, been accepted? I fully expect to see in some newspaper that is sent me, the news of my cousin's wedding." But these were but the bitter outpourings of his wounded sensitiveness; they did not deceive his faithful friend Gosford, who observed, with a smile, how the wanderer always harped upon the old theme.

Roger Tichborne went away in February, and spent nearly three weeks in Paris, with his father and mother, and old friends of his early days. Lady Tichborne was not unnaturally adverse to this plan of traveling; and she opposed it both by her own upbraidings, and by the persuasion of spiritual advisers, who had influence over her son. Chief of these was Father Lefèvre, for whom Roger had always felt so strong an affection. But it was of no avail. Roger's character was of that class which is not easily moved from a resolution once taken, and the days when Lady Tichborne had dreamed of kidnapping him at Stonyhurst were long gone by. He had chosen to sail in a French vessel from Havre—*La Pauline*—no doubt a gratifying token, in the eyes of his mother, that he had not, after all, become heart and soul an Englishman. The fact was, that although the young man's diligent studies in England had resulted in a considerable mastery of the power of writing in English, French was still his mother tongue. In writing, he sometimes translated French idioms with a literalness that was amusing to his friends, and not seldom, his spelling of English words was incorrect; besides which he was often at a loss to find language to express his thoughts with the readiness which is necessary in conversation. His voyage to Valparaiso was to last four months, and thence he was going on in the same vessel

to Peru. It was, doubtless, for these reasons that, though he took an English servant with him, he preferred a French ship, with a French captain and French seamen. Thus, it was, that on the 1st of March, 1853, he sailed away from Europe, never to return.

The incidents of Roger Tichborne's travels need not occupy us long. The *Pauline* started with bad weather, which detained her in the Channel, and compelled her to put in at Falmouth, but, after that, she made a prosperous voyage round Cape Horn to Valparaiso, where she arrived on the 19th of June. As the vessel was to remain there a month, Mr. Tichborne, after spending a week in Valparaiso, started, with his servant, John Moore, to see Santiago, the capital of Chili, at about ninety miles inland. Thence he returned and sailed for Peru, where he embarked for places in the north. At Santiago his servant had been taken ill, and, though recovering, was unfitted to travel. His master, thereupon, furnished him with funds to set up a store, and took another servant, with whom he underwent many adventures. At Lima, he visited and sent home descriptions of the magnificent churches, bought paintings and curiosities, which he dispatched to England, carefully packed, and saw bull fights and other sights characteristic of the manners of the Spanish inhabitants. On the great rivers he beheld, as he said, "for the first time, tropical vegetation in all its beauty." Having stored a little yacht with provisions, he started, with his servant, on a voyage of about three hundred miles up the river Guayaquil, and was for some days under the Line; he made similar journeys in a canoe, with his servant and two Indians, still bent on his favorite pursuit of collecting and preserving rare birds of gorgeous plumage. Besides these feats of activity, he visited and explored silver and copper mines. Neither the fatigue of traveling, nor the

*Journal of Roger Tichborne
1853-1854
Captured by the
British Navy*

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dear to him, and the
tropical heats abated his ardor. Yet, all this while he was a diligent correspondent, and every mail brought abundant narratives of his adventures. Scores of letters written at this time to his father and mother, to Lady Doughty, Mr. Gosford, Mrs. Greenwood, and other friends and relatives still exist, evincing not only his untiring industry and his intelligent interest in the scenes and objects passing before him, but placing beyond all doubt the fact that his sympathies with home, and, above all, his love for his cousin, had undergone no change, had, indeed, only grown deeper from long absence.

Sad news had reached him on his wanderings. There was sorrow once more at Tichborne. Scarcely had the *Pauline* left sight of our shores, when Sir Edward Doughty's long-lingering illness terminated in death, and Roger's father and mother, now Sir James and Lady Tichborne, were coming over from Paris to take up their home there with their little boy Alfred. By and by the wanderer began to retrace his steps, came back to Valparaiso, and, with his last new servant, Jules Berraut, rode thence in one night ninety miles to Santiago again. Again he started with muleteers and servants, on the difficult and perilous journey over the lofty Cordilleras, and thence across the Pampas to Buenos Ayres, Monte Video, and Rio de Janeiro.

In April, 1854, there happened to be lying in the harbor of Rio a vessel which hailed from Liverpool, and bore the name of the *Bella*. She was about to sail for Kingston, Jamaica, on her way to New York, and it was to Kingston that Roger had directed his letters and remittances to be forwarded, that being a convenient resting place on his journey to Mexico, where he intended to spend a few months. The *Bella* was a full-rigged ship, of nearly 500 tons burden, clipper-built, and almost new. Aboard this ship, then taking in her cargo of

coffee and logwood, came, one April morning, a young English gentleman, in half-nautical costume, pea-jacket, round hat, and wide trowsers. His skin was reddened and browned by exposure to the sun, and his whole appearance was that of a man who had been much knocked about by travel in uncivilized lands. The stranger introduced himself as Mr. Tichborne. He wanted a passage to Kingston, but was in a little difficulty. Traveling with servants, hiring yachts and canoes, buying paintings, curiosities, and natural history specimens, had proved more expensive than he expected. In short, his funds were exhausted; nor could his purse be replenished until he got to Kingston, where letters from his bankers, Messrs. Glyn & Co., were expected to be in waiting for him. It is probable, that in much beating about the globe, Captain Burkett had heard stories of this kind before. Any way, he knew that the stranger's tale was not necessarily true because somebody told it. Therefore, putting his visitor off for the present with kind words, he took a leaf from the book of Captain Cuttle, and consulted another sea-captain, Mr. Oates, master of the ship *John Bibby*. Oates was the bosom friend of Burkett; their ships belonged to the same owners. When confusion, arising from loading or unloading, reigned in the one ship, the two captains slept aboard the other vessel, and thus, at this time, the *Bella* was Captain Oates's home. Oates being consulted, exhibited his shrewdness. "Let us," he said, "invite this young Englishman to sup aboard; from his conversation we shall be able to judge whether he is a gentleman, and likely to be the person he pretends to be." So Roger, not suspecting this little manœuvre, received an invitation, supped with the worthy captains, and was interviewed and inspected, and made friends with them at once. But Burkett did not only undertake to convey

his visitor to Kingston, in full reliance on his promises; he determined to help him in a matter of some delicacy, and not a little danger; for when the vessel was near sailing Mr. Tichborne was found to be without the indispensable requisite of a passport. Great excitement then prevailed in Brazil on the subject of runaway slaves. Black slaves had escaped by making themselves stow-aways; "half-caste" people, relying on their comparative fairness of skin, had openly taken passage as seamen, or even passengers, and thus got away from a hateful life of bondage. Hence, the peremptory regulation that no captain should sail with a stranger aboard, without an official license. Under these circumstances a plan was devised by the captain and his bosom friend. When the Government officers came aboard, no Mr. Tichborne or other stranger was visible. As the vessel, loosed from her moorings, was slowly drifting down the harbor in early morning, the officers sat at a little table on deck, smoked cigars, and drank coffee with the two captains. At length the moment came to call their boat and take farewell, wishing the good ship *Bella* and her valuable freight a pleasant voyage. Scarcely had they and Captain Oates departed, when the table was removed; and just beneath where the officers had been sitting, a circular plug closing the entrance to what is known as the "lazarette" was lifted, and out came Mr. Tichborne, laughing at the success of their harmless device. Before noon the *Bella* had passed through the narrow outlet from the grand harbor of Rio into the open Atlantic, and, spreading all her sails, was soon on her voyage northward.

That was on the 20th day of April, 1854, but never, from that day, did the good ship *Bella* furl sail or cast an anchor in any port. Only six days after she had left the port of Rio, a vessel, traversing her path, found tokens

of a wreck—straw bedding, such as men lay on deck in hot latitudes, a water-cask, a chest of drawers, and among other things a long boat floating bottom upwards, and bearing on her stern the ominous words "*Bella*, Liverpool." These were brought into Rio, and forthwith the Brazilian authorities caused steam vessels to go out and scour the seas in quest of survivors; but none were seen. That the *Bella* had foundered there was little room to doubt; though the articles found were chiefly such as would have been on her deck. Even the items of cabin furniture were known to have been placed on deck to make way for merchandise, with which she was rather heavily laden. The night before these articles were found had been gusty, but there had been nothing like a storm. When time went by and brought no tidings, Captain Oates and other practical seamen came to the mournful conclusion that she had been caught in a squall; that her cargo of coffee had shifted, as it is called, and that hence, unable to right herself, the *Bella* had gone down in deep water, giving but little warning to those who were unhappily aboard.

In a few months this sorrowful news was brought to Tichborne, where there was once more great mourning. One by one the heirs of the old House were disappearing; and now it seemed that all the hopes of the family must be centred in the young Alfred, then a boy of fifteen. So, at least, felt Sir James Tichborne. He had inquiries made in America and elsewhere. For a time there was a faint hope that some aboard the *Bella* had escaped, and had, perhaps, been rescued by some vessel. But months went by and still there was no sign. The letters of news that poor Roger had so anxiously asked to be directed to him at the Post Office, Kingston, Jamaica, remained there till the paper grew faded. The bankers' bill, which was wanted to pay the passage

money, lay at the agents', but neither Captain Burkett nor his passenger came to claim it. Weeks and months rolled on; the annual allowance of one thousand a year, which was Mr. Tichborne's by right, was paid into Glyn and Co.'s bank to his account; but no draft under Roger Tichborne's hand was ever more presented at their counters. The diligent correspondent suddenly ceased to correspond. Down to the very time of his embarkation at Rio Roger had kept friends in England informed of all his movements, and every post had brought with it letters giving and asking news. But now, for the first time, the post was silent. More months elapsed, and the agony of suspense found no relief save in the growing conviction that all hope was idle. The vessel had gone down, that was clear, and with her all on board had perished. If not, why that dread silence? The captain and some of the crew had wives and children; they had hitherto been good husbands, kind fathers. Had they suddenly lost all interest in those who were dear to them? There was probably not a man aboard so poor in friends that some English household was not grieving for his sake. But it was everywhere the same—no tidings for the widow, the orphan, or the friends. At Lloyd's the unfortunate vessel was finally written down upon the "Loss Book"—the insurance was paid to the Liverpool owners, and in time the *Bella* faded away into the great shadowy fleet of ships that have put forth upon the wide ocean never to come home again.

Years past, and Sir James and his wife led a secluded life in the house at Tichborne. Few strangers or even relatives visited them. Lady Tichborne's antipathy to the family of her husband, and her hatred of all things English, had long estranged her from the family of Sir James, and her singular temper rendered visiting at

Tichborne by no means agreeable. The disconsolate mother lived now only in the thought of her lost son. Day after day and year after year the fixed idea possessed her that he was still living, wandering somewhere, unwilling to come back—for what reason she knew not, nor did she care to inquire. It was in vain that Sir James told her that sorrow was idle, and all hope at an end.

Of what avail to reason? If Roger Tichborne had really chosen the moment when the *Bella* disappeared to disappear also, surely never did hoax so purposeless prove more cruel in its consequences. The key to all this was the impulsive, self-willed, but essentially weak and visionary character of the Lady of Tichborne, nourished as it was now in all its failings, by the sorrows she had endured. Proofs which satisfied underwriters and Courts of Probate, were to this poor lady miserable evidences as against her own ardent wishes. She was, with all her failings, a religious woman, and she had been bred in a faith which has not yet come to regard the miraculous interposition of saints and angels as only things of the remote past. To her, the coming back of her son was no impossibility, but rather a thing which prayer and earnest watching would, in the end, assuredly bring to pass. Certain it is that the mother kept lamps alight in the hall at Tichborne, from dusk till daybreak, often going herself, when there was no moon, and stars were dimmed, into the grounds about the house, holding a lantern in her feeble hands to light the way, lest her poor, lost son—who to those who wanted the eyes of faith, seemed to be surely lying under the Atlantic waves—should, coming back after long years, miss his way, even in those familiar paths.

A mood of this kind is not unlikely to beget imposture. Long before this, the fact that Lady Tichborne

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hoped against faith, and refused to believe any arguments in favor of the view that her eldest son was drowned, was well known in the county of Hampshire, and it has been related, how one day a tramp in the dress of a sailor found his way to Tichborne, and having poured into the willing ears of the poor mother a wild story of some of the survivors of the *Bella* being picked up off the coast of Brazil, and carried to Melbourne, was forthwith regaled and rewarded. There is a freemasonry among tramps and beggars which sufficiently explains the fact that after that the appearance of a ragged sailor in Tichborne Park became a common occurrence. Sailors with one leg, and sailors with one arm, loud-voiced, blustering seamen, and seamen whose troubles had subdued their tones to a plaintive key, all found their way to the back door of the great house. Every one of them had heard something about the *Bella's* crew being picked up; and could tell more on that subject than all the owners, or underwriters, or shipping registers in the world. And poor Lady Tichborne believed, as is evidenced by a letter of hers, written in 1857, only three years after the shipwreck, to a gentleman in Melbourne, imploring him to make inquiries for her son in that part of the world. Sir James, however, though no less sorrowful, had no faith; and he made short work of tramping sailors who came to impose on the poor lady with their unsubstantial legends.

But Sir James, unhappily, died in 1862. Shortly before this event his only surviving son, Alfred, had married Theresa, a daughter of the eleventh Lord Arundel of Wardour. This fact, however, did not prevent the mother, in her crazy moods, taking a step manifestly calculated to induce some imposter to come forward and claim to be the rightful heir. This step was the insertion of an advertisement in the *Times*, offering a reward

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for the discovery of her eldest son, and giving a number of particulars with regard to his birth, parentage, age, date and place of shipwreck, and name of vessel, and other matters. More than that, she incorporated in her advertisement the vague stories of the tramping sailors, about his having been picked up and carried to Melbourne; and this mischievous advertisement was published in various languages, and, doubtless, copied in the South American and Australian newspapers—the facts being of a romantic character, and being associated with those parts of the globe.

Still time rolled on, and no Roger Tichborne, real or fictitious, made his appearance. One day the Dowager happened to see in a newspaper a mention of the fact that there was in Sydney a man named Cubitt, who kept what he called “a Missing Friend’s Office.” To Cubitt, accordingly, she wrote a long rambling letter, in which, among other tokens of her state of mind, she gave a grossly incorrect account of her son’s appearance, and even of his age; but Cubitt was to insert her long advertisement in the Australian papers, and he was promised a handsome reward. Cubitt, in reply, amused the poor lady with vague reports of her son being found in the capacity of a private soldier, in New Zealand; and, as there was war there at that time, the poor Dowager wrote back, in an agony of terror, to entreat that he might be bought out of the regiment. Mr. Cubitt could not fail to perceive the singular person he had to deal with; and his letters from that time were largely occupied with requests for money, for services which have been stigmatized by a high authority as almost entirely imaginary.

At last came more definite information. A Mr. Gibbes, an attorney at the little town of Wagga-Wagga, two hundred miles inland from Sydney, had, he said, “spotted” the real Roger Tichborne, living “in a humble

station of life," and under an assumed name. Again money was wanted. Then Gibbes, apparently determined to steal a march on Cubitt, wrote direct to the credulous old lady, and there was much correspondence between them. At first there were some little difficulties. The man who, after a certain amount of coyness, had pleaded guilty to being the long-lost heir, still held aloof in a strange way, concealed his present name and occupation, and instead of going home at once, preferred to bargain for his return through the medium of an attorney and the keeper of a missing friends' office. All this, however, did not shake the faith of Lady Tichborne. Then he gave accounts of himself, which did not in the least tally with the facts of Roger's life. He said he was born in Dorsetshire, whereas Roger was born in Paris; he accounted for being an illiterate man by saying that he had suffered greatly in childhood from St. Vitus's Dance, which had interfered with his studies. "My son," says Lady Tichborne, in reply, "never had St. Vitus's Dance." When asked if he had not been in the army, he replied, "Yes," but that he did not know much about it, because he had merely enlisted as a private soldier "in the sixty-sixth Blues," and had been "bought off" by his father after only thirteen days' service. "What ship did you leave Europe in?" inquired Mr. Gibbes, with a view of sending further tokens of identity to the Dowager. To this inquiry, as we have seen, Roger Tichborne might have been expected to answer in *La Pauline*, but this mysterious person replied, in *The Jessie Miller*. "And when did she sail?" "On the 28th of November, 1852," was the reply; whereas Roger, as we have seen, sailed on the 1st of March, 1853. Asked as to where he was educated, the long-lost heir replied, "At a school in Southampton," where Roger never was at school. But, it happened that Lady Tich-

borne, in a letter to Mr. Gibbes, had said that her son was for three years at the Jesuit College of Stonyhurst, in Lancashire. Mr. Gibbes, accordingly, suggested to his client, "in a humble station of life," that his memory was at fault on that point, but the client maintained his ground. "Did she say he had been at Stonyhurst College? If so, it was false;" and, he added, with an oath, "I have a good mind never to go near her again, for telling such a story." Still, this strange person was able to confirm the entire story of the tramping sailors. He *had* embarked in the *Bella*, he *had* been picked up at sea with other survivors, in a boat, off the coast of Brazil, and it was quite true that he was landed with them in Melbourne. In short, he corroborated the Dowager's long advertisement in every particular; but beyond that, he had nothing of the slightest importance to tell which was not absurdly incorrect. His replies, however, were forwarded to the Dowager, with pressing requests to send £200, then £250, and finally £400, to enable the lost heir to pay his debts—an indispensable condition of his leaving the colony. It is evident that the statements thus reported puzzled the poor lady a little, and she seems to have been unable to account for the lost heir sending his kind remembrance to his "grandpa," because Roger Tichborne's paternal grandfather died before he was born; and his grandfather by the mother's side had also died several years before Roger had left England, as the young man knew well enough, for he took farewell of him on his last illness. She was clearly a little surprised to hear that the resuscitated Roger did not understand a word of French, for "my son," she says, "was born in Paris, and spoke French better than English." Still, she believed. "I fancied," she said in one letter to Gibbes, "that the photographs you sent me are like him, but, of course, after thirteen years' absence

there must have been some difference in the shape, as Roger was very slim; but," she added, "I suppose all those large clothes would make him appear bigger than he is." Again, alluding to the "photographics," she remarks that at least the hand in the portrait is small, and adds, "that peculiar thing has done a good deal with me to make me recognize him."

A year and a half was consumed in these tedious haggings with brokers and agents for the restoration of a lost heir, and during great part of that time the lost heir himself made no sign, but contented himself with begging trifling loans of Gibbes on the strength of his pretensions. Sometimes a pound was the modest request; sometimes "two pound." He had married, and a child was born, and on that occasion he implored for "three pound," plaintively declaring that he was "more like a mannick than a B. of B. K. (supposed to mean a Baronet of British Kingdom) to have a child born in such a hovel." Still the client of Mr. Gibbes, and now claimant to the vast estates of Tichborne, wrapped himself in impenetrable secrecy. The Dowager Lady Tichborne complains that while pressed to send everybody money, she was not even allowed to know the whereabouts nor present name of her lost Roger; and she entreated, piteously, to be allowed to communicate more directly. It was nothing to her that the accounts he had given of Roger Tichborne's life were wrong in every particular, except where her own advertisement had furnished information. "I think," she said on this point, "my poor, dear Roger confuses everything in his head, just as in a dream, and I believe him to be my son, though his statements differ from mine."

It was in the midst of this curious triangular correspondence between Gibbes in Wagga-Wagga, Cubitt in Sydney, and the poor mother in Paris, that trouble

once more entered the old home at Tichborne. Sir Alfred, the younger brother of Roger, was dead, and the poor half-crazed mother, in her solitary lodging in the Place de la Madeleine, was left more than ever desolate. Widowed and childless, she had nothing now but to brood over her sorrows, and cling to the old dream of the miraculous saving of her eldest born, who, since the terrible hour of shipwreck—now twelve years past—had given no token of existence. The position of affairs at Tichborne was remarkable, for though there were hopes of an heir to Tichborne, Sir Alfred had left no child. For the moment the curse of Lady Mabella seemed to be fulfilled. Should the child—unborn, but already fatherless—prove to be a girl, or other mischance befall, there was an end of the old race of Tichborne. The property would then go to collaterals, and the baronetcy must become extinct. It was under the weight of these new sorrows that the Dowager Lady Tichborne wrote pitiable letters to Gibbes, promising money and asking for more particulars; while inclosing, at the same time, to the man who thus unaccountably kept himself aloof, a letter beginning, “My dear and beloved Roger, I hope you will not refuse to come back to your poor afflicted mother. I have had the great misfortune to lose your poor dear father, and lately I have lost my beloved son Alfred. I am now alone in this world of sorrow, and I hope you will take that into consideration, and come back.”

It is hardly surprising that during this time Mr. Gibbes was constantly urging his mysterious client to relinquish his disguise. Why so shy? In the commencement of the affair he had, it is true, been shy and reserved; and, but for the imprudent fellow’s habit of carving the initials R. C. T. on mantel-pieces, and marking them on his pipe, and smoking it under Mr. Gibbes’

nose—and this just at the time when the Dowager's advertisement was flourishing in the Australian papers—that simple-minded attorney might never have discovered his secret. But now all reserve was thrown off, at least between attorney and client; and it had long been understood that the wanderer was willing to go home and claim his title and estates. Why, then, not declare himself boldly? Why not write to the mother and mention some facts known only to those two, which would at once convince her? True, he had already mentioned "facts," which turned out to be fictions, and yet the Dowager's faith was unabated. Mr. Gibbes' client was, therefore, justified in his answer, that he "did not think it needful." But, Gibbes was pressing, for it happened that the Dowager had, in one of her letters, said, "I shall expect an answer from him. As I know his handwriting, I shall know at once whether it is from him." Accordingly, Mr. Gibbes' client, under the eye of his attorney, sat down at last, and penned the following epistle:—

"Wagga-Wagga, Jan. 17 66.

"My Dear Mother,—The delay which has taken place since my last Letter Dated 22d April 54 Makes it very difficult to Commence this letter. I deeply regret the trouble and anxiety I must have caused you by not writing before. But they are known to my Attorney And the more private details I will keep for your own Ear. Of one thing rest Assured that although I have been in A humble condition of Life I have never let any act disgrace you or my Family. I have been A poor Man and nothing worse. Mr. Gibbes suggest to me as essential. That I should recall to your memory things which can only be known to you and to me to convince you of my Identity. I don't think it needful my dear Mother. although I send them Namely. the Brown Mark on my

side. And the Card Case at Brighton. I can assure you My Dear Mother I have keep your promise ever since. In writing to me please enclose your letter to Mr. Gibbes to prevent unnesersery enquiry as I do not wish any person to know me in this Country. When I take my proper propositon and title. Having therefore made up my mind to return and face the Sea once more I must request you to send me the Means of doing so and paying a fue outstranding debts. I would return by the overland Mail. The passage Money and other expences would be over two Hundred pound. for I propose Sailing from Victoria not this colonly And to Sail from Melbourne in my own Name. Now to annable me to do this my dear Mother you must send me "——

In the original letter the half-sheet is now torn off at this point, but it has been stated by the Dowager's solicitor, who saw it when complete, that the ending originally contained the words "How's Grandma?" If so, the fact must have again puzzled the Dowager, for Roger had no "Grandma" living when he went away. The date, "22d April, '54," was also certainly incorrect, for the *Bella* sailed away on April 20th, and was never heard of more. But there were other difficulties; Lady Tichborne had never seen, and what is more, had never heard of any brown mark on her son Roger; she could say nothing about the "card case at Brighton" (which referred, according to Mr. Gibbes, to the Claimant's assertion that he had left England in consequence of having been swindled out of £1,500 by prize-fighters at Brighton races), and lastly the anxious mother could not recognize the handwriting. From the facsimiles of the writings of Roger Tichborne and that of the Wagga-Wagga correspondent, which we are enabled to give, the reader may judge for himself

whether there was good ground for her hesitation. He will also see that her correspondent was somewhat disappointed that the mother did not on this evidence at once "acknowledge him as her son;" adding, "surely, my dear Mama, you must know my writing. You have cause me a deal of trouble." The reproaches, however, were needless, for the Dowager declared her unabated faith; sent small sums and then larger, and finally made up her mind to forward the four hundred pounds. Meanwhile she sent to him, as well as to her other Australian correspondent, much family information. Among other things, she told him that there was a man named Guilfoyle at Sydney, who had been gardener for many years at Upton and Tichborne, and another man in the same town named Andrew Bogle, a black man, who had been in the service of Sir Edward. Mr. Gibbes' client lost no time in finding out both these persons. Whether he was, in fact, Roger Tichborne, or whether he was an impostor, there was now really no reason why he should not set sail to join the Dowager in Paris. Her letters, spread over many months, had revealed her singular character. They had shown her proof against every suspicious token. Even total dissemblance of handwriting had not shaken her faith, and it was evident from her letters that the "photographics," making allowances, as she said, for changes, were in her fancy like her son. Why, then, should he hesitate?

It was shortly after this time that it became known in the colonies of Victoria and New South Wales that there was a man named Thomas Castro, living in Wagga-Wagga as a journeyman slaughterman and butcher, who was going to England to lay claim to the baronetcy and estates of Tichborne. From the letters and other facts it is manifest that it was originally intended to keep all this secret even from the Dowager. "He wishes," says

his attorney, Mr. Gibbes, "that his present identity should be totally disconnected from his future." It happened that one Cator, a Wagga-Wagga friend of the Claimant, whose letters show him to have been a coarse-minded and illiterate man, was leaving for England shortly before the time that Castro had determined to embark. Whether invited or not, Cator was not unlikely to favor his friend with a visit in the new and flourishing condition which appeared to await him in that country. Perhaps for this reason and clearly for the sake of avoiding inconveniences that might result from this man's knowledge of the past, Castro gave to Cator a sealed envelope, bearing outside the words, "To be open when at sea," and inside a note, verbatim, as follows:

"Wagga Wagga, April 2nd, 1866.

"Mr. Cator,—At any time wen you are in England you should feel enclined for a month pleasure Go to Tichborne, in Hampshire, Enquire for Sir Roger Charles Tichborne, Tichborne-hall, Tichborne, And you will find One that will make you a welcome Guest. But on no account Mension the Name of Castro or Alude to me being a Married Man, or that I have being has a Butcher. You will understand me, I have no doubt. Yours truly, Thomas Castro. I Sail by the June Mail."

All this secrecy, however, was soon given up as impracticable; for articles in the famous *Melbourne Argus*, and the Wagga-Wagga and Sydney journals, quickly brought the news to England, and finally Castro determined to take with him his wife and family. One of his earliest steps was to take into his service the old black man, Bogle, and pay the passage-money both of himself and his son to Europe with him. Whether Bogle believed the stout slaughterman of Wagga-Wagga to be the same person as the slim young gentleman whom he must have seen often on his visits to Tichborne many

years before ; whether he was consciously assisting a fraud, or whether he was merely indifferent to the question of whether it was a fraud or not—is matter still of fierce controversy. A high authority has acquitted the old black man of anything like criminal connivance. But that he was useful in aiding Castro's claims is certain ; and it is equally certain that though clear enough in intellect, he was decrepit and unable to render any other kind of service in return for the wages and the heavy expenses which his new master undertook on his account. Certain relics of Upton and of Tichborne, which the Claimant forwarded to a banker at Wagga-Wagga from whom he was trying to obtain advances, were described by the Claimant himself as brought over by "my uncle Valet who is now living with me." The bankers, however, were cautious ; when the Claimant made statements about his past history, they were enabled from more than one source to compare them with facts in the true life—especially as regards the military career—of Roger Tichborne. Hence it was that they declined to make loans, though Mr. Gibbes was able to prove that the mother had thought favorably of the "Photographics." Nevertheless the Claimant had the good fortune to convince a Mr. Long, who was in Sydney and had seen Roger "when a boy of ten years old riding in Tichborne Park," and accordingly this gentleman advanced him a considerable sum. Finally, the Dowager received the information that her long-lost son, Roger Tichborne, had embarked aboard the *Rakaia* on his way to France *via* Panama.

"Sir Roger" and "Lady Tichborne," accompanied by their family, and attended by old Bogle, his son, and a youthful secretary, left Sydney on September 2nd, 1866, and the long-lost heir was expected by the Dowager in

Paris within two months from that date. But nearly four months had elapsed, and there were no tidings.

Between Christmas Day and New Years' Eve of that year there arrived in Alresford a mysterious stranger, who put up at the Swan Hotel in that little town, and said that his name was Taylor. He was a man of enormous bulk and of eccentric attire. He wrapped himself in large great coats, muffled his neck and chin in thick shawls, and wore a cap with a peak of unusual dimensions, which, when it was pulled down, covered a considerable portion of his features.

The Swan is a good old-fashioned hostelry, with a wide entrance and extensive ranges of stables. Visitors there in the hunting season are by no means rare; but then the Swan generally knows its patrons, and this man was strange. He seemed to have no business there, and to know nobody. He preferred a private room to the coffee-room, and he went out for solitary walks. Yet he was not altogether shy and uncommunicative; on the contrary, he stopped poor people on the roads, asked the way to Tichborne Church, about three miles off, and casually mentioned the current rumor that Roger Tichborne was coming back.

The stranger showed further signs of coming out of his reserve. Mr. Taylor sent for Rous, the landlord, and had a chat with him, in the course of which he asked Rous to take him the next day for a drive round the neighborhood of Tichborne. Rous complied, and the innkeeper, chatting all the way on local matters, showed his guest Tichborne village, Tichborne park and house, the church, the mill, the village of Cheriton, and all else that was worth seeing in that neighborhood. In fact Mr. Taylor became very friendly with Rous, invited him to drink in his room, and then confided to him an important secret—which, however, was by this time no

secret at all, for Mr. Rous had just observed upon his guest's portmanteau the initials "R. C. T." Indeed it was already suspected in the smoking-room of the Swan that the enormous stranger was the long-expected heir. Suspicion became certainty when the stranger telegraphed for Bogle, and that faithful black, once familiar in the streets of Alresford, suddenly made his appearance there, began reconnoitering the house at Tichborne, contrived to get inside the old home, to learn that it had been let by the trustees of the infant baronet to a gentleman named Lushington, and to examine carefully the position of the old and new pictures hanging on the walls.

This done, "Mr. Taylor" and his black attendant disappeared as suddenly as they had come. But the news spread abroad, and reached many persons who were interested. Roger's numerous aunts, uncles, and cousins heard of the sudden appearance of the long-expected Australian claimant. The Dowager in Paris, the mother of the infant, then at Ryde, all heard the news; and finally Mr. Gosford, Roger's dearest and most intimate friend and confidant, then in North Wales, got intelligence, and hastened to London to ascertain if the joyful news could be true.

But the enormous individual had vanished again. The circumstance was strange. Bogle, it was true, had written letters from Australia declaring that this was the identical gentleman he had known years before as Mr. Roger Tichborne, when a visitor at Sir Edward's; and the Dowager, though she had declined to show her relatives the "photographics," had declared herself satisfied. But why did the long-lost Roger hold aloof? Why did he not rush down to see his old friend Gosford? Why no note even to Lady Doughty?—no token of old friendship to relations at Brookwood, at Townely, or at Knoyle.

With infinite pains Mr. Gosford and a gentleman connected with the Tichborne family, ascertained that the person who had figured as Mr. Taylor, at the Swan, had taken apartments for himself and his family at an hotel near Manchester Square, and that he had even been there since Christmas Day. But once more the clue was lost. Sir Roger Tichborne had gone away, with his wife and children, and left no one there but Bogle and his secretary. Then, by miraculous chance, Mr. Gosford discovered that "Sir Roger" was staying at the Clarendon Hotel, Gravesend. Forthwith, Mr. Gosford, with the gentleman referred to, and Mr. Cullington, the solicitor, went to the Clarendon Hotel at Gravesend, where, after long waiting in the hall, they saw a stout person, muffled, and wearing a peaked cap over the eyes, who, having glanced at the party suspiciously, rushed past them, hurried up-stairs, and locked himself in a room. In vain the party sent up cards, in vain Mr. Gosford followed and tapped at the door. The stout person would not open, and the party descended to the coffee room, where, soon afterwards, they received a mysterious note, concluding:—

"pardon me gentlemen but i did not wish any-one to know where i was staying with my family. And was much anoyed to see you all here. R. C. TICHBORNE."

Lady Tichborne herself had failed to recognize in the letters from Wagga-Wagga the handwriting of her son. Mr. Gosford was equally unsuccessful in detecting any similarity between this note and the familiar hand, either in penmanship or style, nor had he ever known Mr. Tichborne sign his surname with a small initial letter. The party, therefore, left the house, after warning the landlord that he had for a guest an "impostor and a rogue."

Still, the idea that his old friend, who had made him

his executor and the depositary of his most secret wishes, could have come back again alive, however changed, was too pleasing to be abandoned by Mr. Gosford, even on such evidence. Accordingly, by arrangement with an attorney named Holmes, he went down again, and, more successful this time, had conversation with the stranger who called himself Roger Tichborne. But neither the features, nor the voice, nor the manner of the man brought back to him any recollection. Mr. Gosford has related, at length, the story of that interview, and has told us how he found this man totally ignorant of all their past associations, and unable to give any intelligible account of Roger Tichborne's career, his habits, family, or connections, with all which things Mr. Gosford was intimately acquainted.

Meanwhile, the Dowager Lady Tichborne had learned that the long-expected Roger had arrived in England; and she wrote letters imploring him to come to her, to which the Claimant, who had not been in London more than a fortnight, answered that he was "prevented by circumstances!" and added, "Oh! Do come over and see me at once." On the very day after the date of this letter, however, he arrived in Paris, accompanied by a man whose acquaintance he had casually made in a billiard room, and by Mr. Holmes, the attorney, to whom his casual acquaintance had introduced him. The party put up at an hotel in the Rue St. Honoré. They knew Lady Tichborne's address in the Place de la Madeleine, scarcely five minutes' walk from their hotel; but they had arrived somewhat late, and "Sir Roger" paid no visit to his mother that day.

For some months past Lady Tichborne had cautiously confided to friends something of the facts of the Sydney and Wagga-Wagga correspondence. She had told her brother, Mr. Seymour, that Roger had been found, and

was coming home, but had refused to show him the letters or the portrait. To her solicitor, Mr. James Bowker, she was more communicative; and she gave him to read letters dated Wagga-Wagga, and signed, "Roger Charles Tichborne." Mr. James Bowker had not known Roger Tichborne, and did not know his handwriting, but, having carefully scrutinized the singular epistles, he pointed out to her that they were clearly the writing of an illiterate Englishman of the lower class; that the writer asked for money on no evidence of being entitled to any; and that he inquired, "How's Grandma?" when Roger Tichborne must have known that he had no grandmother. Mr. James Bowker was not aware that the writer had also sent remembrances to a non-existent "grandpa," but he told his client that there was not a sentence in the letter which was not open to observation. Lady Tichborne, however, was only angry at this want of faith, and after a short time, Mr. James Bowker discovered that the lady had no further need of his professional services. In like manner she appealed to Roger's cousin, and old schoolfellow, the Vicomte de Brimont; but the Vicomte proved equally cautious, and was accordingly dropped shortly after. When at last she learned that her Roger had actually arrived, and was staying at an hotel near by, she appealed to her spiritual adviser, the venerable Abbé Salis. But the Abbé Salis had told us that he was aware that she had, as Frenchmen say, *la tête malade*; and that this matter of her lost son's being still alive was with her a mania—*une idée fixe*. In vain she implored him "to go and recognize" one whom he had known so well, but the reverend gentleman had but one answer. "If this were Roger (he said) he would assuredly not have waited for me to go to him."

Thus deserted, the poor lady rose early the next

morning, and sent her Irish servant, John Coyne, to the hotel in the Rue St. Honoré with a pressing message. The story of the first meeting between mother and son, after fourteen years of painful separation, has now become familiar to most persons. John Coyne has told us how he went to the hotel to see "Sir Roger Tichborne," but was told he was not well; how his mistress, dissatisfied with that message, sent him again, whereupon "Sir Roger" came out of his bed-room and walked past him "slowly, and with his head down," bidding him, at the same time, go and tell his mamma that he was not able to come to her; and how his mistress, still more dissatisfied, then directed her servant "to take a cab immediately and fetch her son." Coyne has also related how he then went a third time, and found "Sir Roger," with his attorney and his casual acquaintance, sitting at breakfast, but was again unsuccessful. Then Coyne has told, with infinite gravity, how Lady Tichborne that afternoon went herself to the hotel, and was then permitted to see her son in a darkened chamber, and in the presence of his attorney and friend. "Sir Roger," said Coyne, "was lying on the bed, with his back turned to us, and his face to the wall," and he added that while he was in that position, his mistress leaned over and kissed Sir Roger on the mouth, observing, at the same time, that "he looked like his father, though his ears were like his uncle's." Then, "Sir Roger" having remarked that he was "nearly stifled," Lady Tichborne directed Coyne to "take off her son's coat and undo his braces," which duties the faithful domestic accomplished with some difficulty, while at the same time he "managed to pull him over as well as he could." Upon this, Mr. Holmes, solemnly standing up, addressed John Coyne in the words: "You are a witness that Lady Tichborne recognizes her son," and John Coyne having replied

"And so are you," the ceremony of recognition was complete.

Soon after this event, it became known to gossips, in the parlor of the Swan, that the Dowager Lady Tichborne had acknowledged that the stranger was indeed her lost son Roger; that she had determined to allow the repentant wanderer £1,000 a year; that he was going to take a house at Croydon, pending his entering into the possession of the Tichborne estates. Thereupon there was great joy in Alresford, for it seemed that Tichborne, which had been let to a mere stranger by the trustees of the late Sir Alfred's posthumous son—was to have a master again of the old race. The joy became frantic delight when it was known that "Mr. Taylor," throwing off his disguise and declaring himself as "Sir Roger Charles Tichborne," was about to visit the Swan once more.

There happened then to be living in Alresford a gentleman named Hopkins. He had been solicitor to the Tichborne family, but they had long ceased to employ him. He had also been a trustee of the Doughty estates, but had been compelled to resign that position, at which he had expressed much chagrin. Hopkins had an acquaintance named Baigent, at Winchester, an eccentric person, of an inquisitive turn. Both these personages began at this time to busy themselves greatly in the matter of the Tichborne Claimant, who, on his next visit to Alresford, was accordingly invited to stay at Mr. Hopkins's house. From that time Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Baigent become active partisans of the Claimant's cause. Hopkins had not been the solicitor of Roger Tichborne, but he had seen him occasionally from fifteen to twenty years previously; and he made an affidavit that "though he could not recall the expression of Roger Tichborne's features," he had no doubt, from

the knowledge which the Claimant had shown of the neighborhood of Tichborne, and of family matters, that he was the same person. All Alresford may, in fact, be said to have been converted; the bells were rung on the Claimant's arrival there; and Colonel Lushington, the then tenant of Tichborne House, invited the Australian stranger and his wife to stay with him there. Colonel Lushington had never seen Roger Tichborne, but he has explained that he was impressed by his visitor's knowledge of the old pictures on the walls, which, it will be remembered, Bogle had been sent by "Mr. Taylor" to reconnoiter. When the news came that "Sir Roger's wife," on a visit with her husband to Col. Lushington, had had a child baptized in the chapel at Tichborne, while Mr. Anthony Biddulph, another convert, and a remote connection of the Tichborne family, had become godfather, the bells of Alresford rang louder; and few in that town would have been hardy enough to question the proposition that a mother must be held "to know her own son."

Still it was strange that "Sir Roger" went near none of his old friends. He had left Paris without an effort to see his former circle of acquaintances. Chatillon, his early tutor, had been brought by the Dowager there to see him; but Chatillon had said, "Madame, this is not your son." Neither the Abbe Salis, nor Roger's dear old instructor, Father Lefèvre, nor Gossein, the faithful valet, who had played with him from childhood, and had known him well as a man, nor, indeed, any person in Paris who had been acquainted with Roger Tichborne, received a visit. In England the facts were the same. When at Alresford the stranger was invited to go over to Brookwood, and see Mrs. Greenwood, for whom Roger had so strong a regard; but he pleaded a headache, and excused himself in a letter beginning "My

dear Cousing Kate." In short, to no one of the cousins, aunts, and uncles, with whom Roger had always been on affectionate terms, did "Sir Roger" go. When litigation was threatened, which it was known must cause heavy expense, ultimately to come out of the fortune of the fatherless child, it was proposed that the new-comer should meet all the Tichborne family at a general gathering; but it was of no avail. To do him justice, the Claimant did not shrink from writing several letters to those persons, who were startled, however, to find that he added the word "Bart." to his signature, while neither his style nor handwriting bore, in their judgment, the faintest resemblance to that of Roger. Mr. Danby Seymour, Roger's uncle, took the step of calling at Mr. Hopkins's when the Claimant was staying there, and taking with him William Bardon, an old servant of Sir James. But there was no recognition on either side. Finally—more than four months after the Claimant's arrival—Mr. and Mrs. Radcliffe obtained an interview with the Claimant, at Croydon, and with them was Mrs. Towneley. Mrs. Radcliffe, as the reader knows, was in her maiden days the Miss Kate Doughty, for love of whom Roger Tichborne had suffered so much; and the house of Mrs. Towneley, another cousin, had been one of Roger's homes. But "Sir Roger" was clearly unable to distinguish the two ladies; for he addressed Mrs. Towneley, whose name was Lucy, in the words, "How do you do, Kate?" while Mrs. Radcliffe he called "Lucy." All the parties present, except the Claimant, agree that he continued to converse under this erroneous impression of their identity, until asked by Mr. Radcliffe whether he was quite sure he was addressing his cousins by their right names.

Meanwhile, active measures were in preparation for those tedious legal proceedings which have occupied so

large a share of public attention. Mr. Holmes, and many others, were busy in procuring information, which may, or may not, have been, but which, undoubtedly, could have been, very useful in assisting imposture. The voluminous will of Roger Tichborne, setting forth a mass of particulars about the family property, was examined at Doctors' Commons. Then there were records of proceedings in the Probate Court and in Chancery, relating to the Tichborne estates, of which copies were procured. The Horse Guards furnished the indefatigable attorney with minute and precise statements of the movements of the Carabineers during Roger Tichborne's service, and of the dates of every leave of absence and return. Then the Dowager's attorney procured from Stonyhurst lists of the professors and officials during Roger's three years' study there; and, finally, the books of Lloyd's and the "Merchant Seamen's Register" were searched for information about the movements of the *Pauline*, *Bella*, and other vessels.

Coincident with these researches, there was a marked improvement in the Claimant's knowledge of the circumstances of what he alleged to be his own past life. There was no mention now of "the Sixty-sixth Blues," or of having been a private soldier; no denial, with or without an oath, of having been at Stonyhurst; no allusion to any other of the numerous statements he had made to Mr. Gibbes on those points. Then converts began to multiply, but not among the Tichborne family, or in any other circle that had known Roger Tichborne very intimately. Affidavits, however, increased in number. People related wonderful instances of things the Claimant reminded them of, and which had happened in the past. On the one hand, these facts were regarded as "genuine efforts of memory;" on the other, they were stigmatized as the result of an organized system of extracting infor-

mation from one person and playing it off upon another. Whether this latter imputation was just or unjust, it could not be denied that the Claimant's conduct afforded some justification for it. Bogle was still in his house, and it was certain that before attempting to win over any officer of Carabineers to his cause, he also took into his service a number of old sergeant-majors of the Carabineers. Besides these, he hired Carter, who had been the regimental servant of Mr. Tichborne, and allowed him to spend money freely among old comrades, and to bring them to the house at Croydon "to recognize their old officer." After this, several officers who had known Roger Tichborne were induced to make affidavits; but, as a rule, these witnesses did not so much depose to their recognition of the features as to their having come to the conclusion that the Claimant was Roger Tichborne from his being able to remind them of some occurrences connected with that young gentleman's military life. The bulk of the Claimant's supporters, it is true, were persons of humble rank and little intelligence; but a considerable number were, certainly, people of good education and of high station. The Claimant, they knew, was an illiterate person; but they were told that Roger Tichborne made blunders in grammar, which was true, but Lord Chief Justice Cockburn has justly remarked that they were the blunders of a foreigner, and not vulgarities habitual among the English lower classes. The Claimant's conversation and manners were not those of a gentleman, though they may be supposed to have been improving under circumstances and in society very different from those of Wagga-Wagga; but then, Mr. Baigent resolutely maintained that Roger's chief associates were stable-boys, and persons of like condition, which, though ridiculously incorrect, was not easy then to disprove.

At the end of July, 1867, there was a public examination of the Claimant in Chancery, at which, for the first time, he made generally known that famous account of his alleged wreck and escape in one of the boats of the *Bella*, with eight other persons, which, with some variations, he has since maintained. It was then, that in answer to questions he stated that he was not certain of the name of the vessel that picked him up, but was "under the impression that it was the *Osprey*." He also said that her captain's name was "Owen Lewis, or Lewis Owen," but he was "not certain," though he said that three months elapsed between the date of his being saved and his being landed in Melbourne, in July, 1854. Besides these, the most remarkable points in his examination were his statements that on the very next day after his arrival he was engaged by a Mr. William Foster, of Boisdale, an extensive farmer in Gippsland, to look after cattle; and that he henceforward lived in obscurity in Australia under the name of Thomas Castro. The name of Thomas Castro, he added, had occurred to him because during his travels in South America he had known a person so named at Melipilla, in Chili.

Mr. Gosford was also examined on that occasion with results which had an important influence on the progress of the great *cause célèbre*. Some time before that event that gentleman had been induced to have one more interview with the Claimant in the presence of two of his most influential supporters, who thereupon requested Mr. Gosford to test their *protégé* by asking him about some private matter between him and his friend Roger in the past. Thus challenged Mr. Gosford naturally thought him of the sealed paper, in which Roger had recorded his intention of building a chapel or church at Tichborne, and dedicating it to the Virgin, in the event of his marrying his cousin within three years; and he

therefore requested the Claimant to declare, if he could what were the contents of a certain packet marked "private" which Roger left in his hands when he went away. Having obtained no definite answer, Mr. Gosford, for the sake of fairness, went a step further, and said that it recorded an intention "to carry out an arrangement at Tichborne in the event of his marrying a certain lady." Still there was no answer; and thereupon Mr. Gosford, declaring that the whole interview "was idle," left the place. The packet, unfortunately, was no longer in existence. Some years after Roger Tichborne's death appeared to be beyond all doubt Mr. Gosford had simply burnt it, regarding it as a document which it would be useless, and which he had no right to keep, and yet one which, on the other hand, he should not be justified in giving up to any living person. The fact of its being burnt he had for obvious reasons concealed; but being now asked on the subject he was compelled to state the circumstances.

It is remarkable that on the very morrow of that disclosure the Claimant for the first time made a statement to his supporter, Mr. Bulpett, as to the packet. It may be supposed that Mr. Bulpett and the Claimant's friend's generally were inclined to draw unfavorable inferences from his apparent ignorance of the contents of the packet. He now, however, declared that not ignorance of its contents but delicacy and forbearance towards Mrs. Radcliffe had alone prevented his answering Mr. Gosford's test question. Mr. Gosford, he said, was right. It did relate to "an arrangement to be carried out at Tichborne," but an arrangement of a very painful kind. Then it was that he wrote out the terrible charge against the lady whom Roger had loved so well—confessing, it is true, his own diabolical wickedness, but at the same time casting upon her the cruellest of imputa-

tions. This, he said, was what he had sealed up and given to Mr. Gosford. It does not appear to have occurred to Mr. Bulpett or Mr. Guildford Onslow, while lending aid and countenance to this disreputable business, that it was strange that Mr. Gosford should have challenged Roger Tichborne—if the Claimant were Roger Tichborne—to speak in the presence of others on a subject so disgraceful to himself and so injurious to the reputation of a lady; nor does he seem to have reflected that, if the matter was too delicate for the Claimant to answer, it was assuredly too delicate for Mr. Gosford to question upon it. Mr. Bulpett, the banker, however, put his initials solemnly to the document, and within a few months all Hampshire had whispered the wicked story. It is to be observed that during all this time no word had been spoken by the Claimant of his having confided to Mr. Gosford a vow to build a church. Four years later, when under examination, he was asked whether he had ever left any other private document with Mr. Gosford, and he answered, “I think not.” Then it was that counsel produced the copy of the vow to build the church in Roger Tichborne’s hand, which he had fortunately given to his cousin on the sorrowful day of their last parting; and, finally, there was found and read aloud the letter of Roger Tichborne to Mr. Gosford, dated January 17th, 1852, in which occur the precious words, “I have written out my will and left it with Mr. Slaughter; the only thing which I have left out is about the church, which I will only build under the circumstances which I have left with you in writing.” Happily these facts render it unnecessary to enter upon the question whether this story was not wholly irreconcilable, both with itself and with the ascertained dates and facts in Roger Tichborne’s career.

The great estates of Tichborne were not likely to be left undefended either by the trustees or by the family, who, with the exception of the Dowager Lady Tichborne, had, with one accord, pronounced the Claimant an impostor. Accordingly very soon after his arrival in England a gentleman named Mackenzie was dispatched to Australia to make inquiries.

Mr. Mackenzie visited Melbourne, Sydney, and Wagga-Wagga, and up to a certain time was singularly successful in tracing backwards the career of Thomas Castro. He discovered that, some months before the Dowager's advertisement for her son had appeared, and Mr. Gibbes' client had set up his claim, the slaughterman of Wagga-Wagga had married an Irish servant girl, named Bryant, who had signed the marriage register with a cross. He also found that the marriage was celebrated, not by a Roman Catholic priest, but by a Wesleyan minister. Searching further, he found out that immediately after the date of the arrival of a letter from the Dowager, informing Mr. Gibbes that her son was a Roman Catholic, Thomas Castro and Mary Anne Bryant had again gone through the ceremony of marriage in those names, and on this occasion the wedding was celebrated in a Roman Catholic chapel. By applying to Mr. Gibbes, Mr. Mackenzie then discovered that the Claimant, before leaving Australia, had given instructions for a will, which was subsequently drawn up and executed by him, in which he pretended to dispose of the Tichborne estates, and described properties in various counties, all of which were purely fictitious. The Tichborne family had not, and never had, any such estates as were there elaborately set forth, nor did any such estates exist; and the will contained no bequest, nor indeed any allusion to a solitary member of Roger's family except his

mother, whom it described as Lady "Hannah Frances Tichborne," though her Christian names were, in fact, Henriette Félicité." Mr. Gibbes explained that it was the knowledge which this document seemed to display of the Tichborne estates and family which induced him to advance money, and that the Dowager Lady Tichborne's letters being merely signed "H. F. Tichborne," he had inserted the Christian names, "Hannah Frances," on the authority of his client. Lastly, Mr. Mackenzie learnt that there had been a butcher in Wagga-Wagga named Schottler, and that Higgins's slaughterman, known as Tom Castro, had once told some one that he had known Schottler's family, and lived very near their house when he was a boy. Schottler had disappeared, but he was believed to have originally come from London. This information was slight, but it appeared to the shrewd Mr. Mackenzie to be valuable. If the Schottlers were known to Tom Castro as neighbors when he was a boy in London, it would seem to be only necessary to find the Schottler family in order to discover who the Claimant to the Tichborne estates really was.

London, it is true, is a large place, but, on the other hand, "Schottler" is not so common a name as Smith or Jones. When these important facts were forwarded to the solicitor to the defendants in the Chancery suits, he obtained old directories of London, and discovered that there was one Schottler, who had kept a public house called *The Ship and Punchbowl*, in High Street, Wapping. In that direction, therefore, inquiries were instituted. The Schottlers had, it was found, gone and left no trace, but it was easy to instruct Detective Whicher to inquire after old neighbors, to show them a portrait of the Claimant, and to ask if any one in that locality recognized the features.

At last the gentleman prosecuting these inquiries

found himself in the Globe public-house near by, the landlady of which hostelry at once declared the *carte de visite* to be a portrait of a mysterious individual of huge bulk who had visited her on the night of the previous Christmas Day, stayed an hour in her parlor, and made numerous inquiries after old inhabitants of Wapping. His inquiries included the Schottlers, and he had particularly wanted the address of the family of the late Mr. George Orton, a butcher, in the High Street, who answered the description of an old "neighbor of the Schottlers." The Christmas Day referred to was the very day of the Claimant's arrival in England, and the landlady of the Globe was positive that the portrait represented her visitor, whoever he might have been. Moreover, she informed the gentleman that, struck by his inquiries after the Ortons, she had scanned her mysterious visitor's features closely, and observed, "Why you must be an Orton, you are very like the old gentleman."

Three daughters of old George Orton were then applied to, but they declared that the portrait had no resemblance to any brother of theirs. Neighbors, however, had perceived that these persons, who had been extremely poor, had suddenly shown signs of greatly improved circumstances. Further inquiry led to the discovery that they had a brother named Charles, "a humpbacked man," who had been a butcher in a small way in partnership with a Mr. Woodgate, in Hermitage street, Wapping. He had recently dissolved partnership rather suddenly, but he had previously confided to Mr. Woodgate the curious information that he had a brother just come home from Australia who was entitled to great property, and who had promised him an allowance of "£5 a month," and £2,000 "when he got his estates." When, after some trouble, Charles Orton was discovered, he showed

signs of being disposed to explain the mystery "if the solicitors" would promptly "make it worth his while," but in the very midst of the inquiry he suddenly vanished from the neighborhood, and for a long while all trace of him was lost.

Meanwhile, the Claimant had, by some mysterious means, instantly become aware that these inquiries were in progress, for he wrote at this period to his confidential friend Rous, the landlord of the Swan, as follows:—"We find the other side very busy with another pair of sisters for me. They say I was born in Waping. I never remember having been there, but Mr. Holmes tells me it a very respectable part of London." Shortly afterwards two out of the three daughters of old Mr. Orton made affidavit that the Claimant was not their brother, nor any relation of theirs; the other sister and Charles Orton, however, made no affidavit. Four years later the Claimant confessed that he was, after all, the mysterious visitor at the Globe public-house on that Christmas-eve; that he shortly afterwards entered into secret correspondence and transactions with the Orton family; that he gave the sisters money whenever they wrote to say they were in want of any; and that after the period when Charles Orton was solicited to give information to "the other side," he allowed him £5 a month—Charles Orton, who was then in concealment, being addressed in their correspondence by the assumed name of "Brand." The Claimant's explanation of these relations with the Orton family, which he at first denied, was that their brother, Arthur Orton, had been a great friend of his for many years, and in various parts of Australia, and that hence he was desirous of assisting his family. At one time he said that his object was to ascertain if his friend, Arthur Orton, had arrived in England; at another he stated, on oath, that when he sailed from Australia he

left Arthur Orton there. The solicitors for the defendants in the great Chancery suit, however, did not hesitate to declare their conviction that the pretended Roger Tichborne was no other than Arthur Orton, youngest son of the late George Orton, butcher, of High street, Wapping; that his visit to Wapping on the very night of his arrival was prompted by curiosity to know the position of his family, of whom he had not heard for some years; and that his stealthy transactions with the three sisters, and with the brother of Arthur Orton, had no object but that of furnishing them with an inducement to keep the dangerous secret of his true name and origin.

Meanwhile no token of these charges reached the ears of the Dowager Lady Tichborne; but it is obvious that they could not long be concealed. Possibly, for this reason, the Claimant at last apprised her that "the other side" were trying to make out that he was "not himself, but a person of the name of 'Horton.'" He was careful, however, to add that he had been seen by people who had known the man referred to, and that these had declared that he was not the same. Whether the Dowager's faith would have been shaken if her supposed son had confessed that while she was anxiously expecting the wanderer so long mourned for he was making in Wapping minute inquiries not for "Hortons" but for "Ortons," who shall say? It is certain that at the very moment of writing this letter her correspondent was secretly allowing money to the sisters of the same man; while he was keeping the brother, who had shown a tendency to give information to "the other side," in concealment far away from his old Wapping haunts, and regularly sending him £5 per month. It has been said that all this while he pretended to his friend, Mr. Rous, to know nothing about Wapping, which he spelt "Waping," except that his attorney had in-

formed him that it was "a very respectiabel place." It may, therefore, be assumed that he was not more communicative with Lady Tichborne. Perhaps, however, the caution was needless.

The poor old lady had lived for some time in the house at Croydon with her supposed son and his wife, who appears by a letter of the Claimant to have spent much of her time in "fighting with the cook." A servant-maid in that household has told how she heard the Dowager sometimes say, "They must have been savages out in Australia to change my son so, and make him so rough;" and it has been hinted that the poor lady was troubled with doubts about his identity. But the evidence that her faith was proof against all assaults is overwhelming. It had never been alleged that her failings went beyond eccentric self-will and irritability of temper; and her faults as a mother, great as they were, were summed up in an excessive solicitude, which amounted in appearance almost to a disease of the mind. Could it be true that this lady was consciously conniving at an attempt to plunder the child of her "beloved son Alfred;" and to place an illiterate Australian butcher at the head of the ancient Tichborne family? The project, if this man were an impostor, was too wild to be entertained, save in a brain so disordered that it well might justify a more charitable assumption. Some have lent an ear to the cruel suggestions that now her husband and her sons were dead, and there was a litte infant of whom she knew nothing, whose frail life alone stood in the way of the succession of remote connections, Lady Tichborne may have conceived the idea of a sort of partnership in a gigantic scheme of fraud and imposition. It is true that it would be easy to find arguments and facts in support of these suggestions. There was, for example, her fixed idea that her "son" in Wagga-

Wagga had only to come to her and be recognized, and forthwith the estates would be his. There is her allusion to the necessity of guarding against the opposition of "collaterals," and among the Claimant's letters to her are allusions to the fine residence which she should have—a part of the Tichborne property—as soon as he got "his estates." But people who have listened to these notions must have forgotten the numerous manifestations in those letters to Lady Tichborne of anxiety to conceal from her any circumstances calculated to cast doubt upon his identity, not to speak of the affectation of piety in such phrases as "May God in His great mercy forgive these poor pergered sailors," and again, "If I lose my estates I shall be rewarded in Heaven," which are no less inconsistent with the supposition of a mutual consciousness of fraud and deception. Above all they must have forgotten that her crazy search after a lost son began while her own husband was in possession; and that it was while he lay dead, and her "beloved Alfred" was installed at Tichborne with his newly-married wife, that she inserted those dangerous advertisements, virtually soliciting impostors from all parts of the world to come forward and challenge the rights of her own child—perhaps to ruin him with tedious litigation. The advertisements, while Sir Alfred still lived, were but the continuation of the dreams which had been nourished by the tramping sailors whom her husband had sought in vain to keep out of Tichborne park; the welcoming home of the man who adopted all the tramping sailors' heartless fictions was but the final realization of that unshaken faith that had possessed her mind for thirteen long years.

Thus it was that friends and relatives reasoned with her, and even told her that her supposed son had been

discovered to be the son of Orton, a butcher, at Wapping; but in vain. Those who would not believe and aid her in restoring her "dear son Roger" to his birth-right were enemies, against whom her doors were quickly shut. There is something terrible in the story of the poor lady's situation, standing as she did alone, and in opposition to the whole of the large circle of relatives of Roger Tichborne, who had known him so well. The Abbé Toursel, an old friend of Sir James and Lady Tichborne, has told, in the witness-box, an affecting story of how, one day, shortly before her death, she came to him at his house in London, all alone, and looking so pale, and wasted, and careworn, that his heart was touched. She had, it was true, complaints to make of her son. She said that he squandered her substance; the expense was torture to her, and she had tried to put him on a fixed allowance. She was then indeed in hopeless embarrassment. Only fourteen months elapsed since the supposed son had come home, and since she had promised him a thousand a year for personal expenses. She was, at that period, certainly in possession of an income of more than twice that amount, but the profligate waste of the Croydon household, and the enormous expense of the system of getting up "evidence" and prosecuting law proceedings, had, in that short space of time, absorbed all her means. She was in the hands of rogues and disreputable money lenders, and was absolutely borrowing funds at the interest of fifty per cent. The old fable of the pelican could scarcely match her self-inflicted pain and privation. Concerning all this, however, she confided very little to her friend, but she said she was very uneasy, that she could not live in the house at Croydon with her son by reason of the multitude of strange and noisy people who haunted it, with discharged private soldiers living in

the attics and the basement. The old lady being more familiar with French than English would probably have but a dim conception of their talk and their proceedings, but she was conscious of the fumes of tobacco and strong drink, and the tumult distressed her. Thus she was friendless and wretched, and in sore need of guidance and consolation. Yet she rejected the proffered aid of the venerable Abbé, who exhorted her to have a meeting of her relations, and there subject her supposed son to rational tests of his identity. The Abbé Toursel even offered to preside at such meeting, and see that it was conducted with fairness. But all in vain. The poor, weak, trembling, friendless woman clung to her fond belief. "No, no, he is Roger. They would quarrel, and want to deprive me of him." This was the only answer he could get as he followed her to the threshold of the door, saw her feebly walking in the bleak March wind, and watched her till she turned a corner, fearing that she would drop exhausted to the ground.

Only a few days later—on the 12th of March, 1868—the Dowager Lady Tichborne was found by a servant dead in a chair, and with no relative or friend at hand, in a hotel near Portman Square, where she had sought and found a shelter.

Amidst much that was vague in the Claimant's account of his past life, there were, at all events, two statements of a precise and definite character. These were, first, that he had been at Melipilla, in Chili, and had there known intimately a man named Thomas Castro, whose name he had afterwards assumed; and secondly, that in 1854, he had been engaged as herdsman to Mr. William Foster, of Boisdale, in Gippsland, Australia. If he were an imposter, these statements were undoubtedly imprudent. But they served the

purpose of establishing the identity of his career with that of the man whom he claimed to be, for Roger Tichborne had, undoubtedly, traveled in Chili; and, according at least to the tramping sailors' story, embodied in the Dowager's advertisements, he had been carried thence to Australia. The importance attached by his supporters to these apparent tokens of identity sufficiently explains the Claimant's explicitness on these points. Melipilla is a long way off; and Boisdale is still further. It may have been supposed that witnesses could not be brought from so far; but vast interests were at stake, and the defendant in the Chancery suit speedily applied for Commissions to go out to South America and Australia to collect information regarding the Claimant's past history. The proposition was strenuously opposed as vexatious, and designed merely to create delay, but the Court granted the application. Then the Claimant asked for an adjournment on the ground that he intended to go out and confront the Melipilla folks, including his intimate friend Don Tomas Castro, before the Commission; and also to accompany it to Australia. The postponement was granted, a large sum was raised to defray his expenses, and he finally started with the Commission, accompanied by counsel and solicitors, bound for Valparaiso and Melipilla, and finally for Victoria and New South Wales. When the vessel, however, arrived at Rio, the Claimant went ashore, declaring that he preferred to go thence to Melipilla overland. But he never presented himself at that place, and finally the Commission proceeded to examine witnesses and to record their testimony, which thus became part of the evidence in the suit. The Claimant had, in fact, re-embarked at Rio for England, having abandoned the whole project; for which strange conduct he made various and conflicting excuses.

Even before he had started, circumstances had occurred which had induced some of his supporters to express doubts whether he would ever go to Melipilla. The facts were these. When the going out of the Commission had become inevitable, the Claimant had written a letter to his "esteemed friend, Don Tomas Castro," reminding him of past acquaintance in 1853, sending kind remembrances to a number of friends, and altogether mentioning at least sixteen persons with Spanish names whom he had known there. The purpose of the letter was to inform Don Tomas that he had returned to England; was claiming "magnificent lands," and, in brief, to prepare his whole acquaintances to befriend him there. This letter was answered by Castro, through his son Pedro, with numerous good wishes and much gossip about Melipilla and what had become of the old circle. But to the astonishment and dismay of the Claimant's attorney, Mr. Holmes, Pedro Castro reminded his old correspondent that when among them he had gone by the name of Arthur Orton. A Melipilla lady named Ahumada then sent a portion of a lock of hair which the Claimant acknowledged as his own hair, and thanked her for. But this lady declared that she had cut the lock from the head of an English lad named Arthur Orton; and the Claimant thereupon said that he must have been mistaken in thanking her and acknowledging it as his. In the town of Melipilla—sixty or seventy miles inland from Valparaiso—every one of the sixteen or seventeen persons mentioned by the Claimant as old acquaintances—except those who were dead or gone away—came before the Commission, and were examined. They proved to have substantially but one tale to tell. They said they never knew any one of the name of Tichborne. Melipilla is a remote little town, far off the great high road, and the only

English person, except an English doctor, there established, who had ever sojourned there was a sailor lad, who, not in 1853, but in 1849, came to them destitute; was kindly treated; picked up Spanish enough to converse in an illiterate way; said his name was Arthur, and was always called Arthur by them; declared his father was "a butcher named Orton, who served the Queen;" and said he had been sent to sea to cure St. Vitus's Dance, but had been ill-used by the captain, and ran away from his ship at Valparaiso. This lad, they stated, sojourned in Melipilla eighteen months, and finally went back to Valparaiso and re-embarked for England. Don Tomaso Castro, the doctor's wife, and others, declared they recognized the features of this lad in the portrait of the Claimant; and being shown two daguerreotype portraits of Roger Tichborne, taken in Chili when he was there, said that the features were not like those of any person they had ever known. Searches were then made in the record's of the consul's office at Valparaiso, from which it resulted that a sailor named Arthur Orton did desert from the English ship *Ocean* in that port at the very date mentioned, and did re-embark, though under the name of "Joseph M. Orton," about eighteen months later.

Boisdale, in Australia, whither the Commission then repaired, is many thousands of miles from South America, but here similar discoveries were made. Mr. William Foster, the extensive cattle farmer, was dead, but the widow still managed his large property. In reference to the Claimant's statement that in July, 1854, the very day after he was landed by the vessel which he believed was named the *Osprey*, at Melbourne, he was engaged by Mr. William Foster, and went with him at once to Gippsland, under the assumed name of Thomas Castro, the lady declared that her husband did not settle at

Boisdale, or have anything to do with that property till two years later than that date, and that they never had any herdsman named Thomas Castro. The ledgers and other account books of Mr. Foster were then examined, but no mention of any Castro, either in 1854 or at any other time, could be found. On the other hand, there were numerous entries, extending over the two years 1857 and 1858, of wages paid and rations served out to a herdsman named Arthur Orton, whom the lady perfectly well remembered, and who had come to them from Hobart Town.

All these discoveries were confirmed by the registers of shipping, which showed that Arthur Orton embarked for Valparaiso in 1848, re-embarked for London in 1851, and sailed again for Hobart Town in the following year. But there were other significant circumstances. The ship in which Arthur Orton had returned from Valparaiso was called the *Fessie Miller*, which was the very name which the Claimant, in his solemn declaration, prepared by Mr. Gibbes, gave as the name of the vessel in which he came out to Australia. In the same document he had stated the date of his sailing from England as the "28th of November, 1852," and this was now discovered to be the very day, month, and year, on which Arthur Orton embarked in the vessel bound for Hobart Town. Mr. Foster's widow had specimens of Arthur Orton's writing, and other mementoes of his two years' service among them, and she unhesitatingly identified a portrait of the Claimant as that of the same man. Numerous other important discoveries were made in Australia, and, among other witnesses, a farmer named Hopwood deposed, that he had known Arthur Orton at Boisdale, under that name, and again, at Wagga-Wagga, under his assumed name of Thomas Castro. At Wagga-Wagga, the will executed by the Claimant, and

already referred to, was produced, and it was found, that amidst all its fictitious names, and imaginary Tichborne estates, it appointed as trustees two gentlemen residing in Dorsetshire, England, who have since been discovered to have been intimate friends of old Mr. Orton, the butcher. The testimony on the Claimant's behalf, before the Commission, threw but little light. It consisted, chiefly, of vague stories of his having spoken, when in Australia, of being entitled to large possessions, and of having been an officer in the army, and stationed in Ireland. Such testimony could, of course, have little weight against the statements of the Claimant, in writing, made just before embarking at Sydney, with a view of satisfying capitalists of his identity, and betraying total ignorance of Roger Tichborne's military life.

It was while the Claimant was absent on his abortive journey to Melipilla that Charles Orton, the brother of Arthur, finally called upon the solicitors for "the other side," and volunteered to give information. In the presence of Lord Arundell and other witnesses, this man then stated that the Claimant of the Tichborne estates was his brother Arthur, that he had been induced by him to change his name to Brand, and to remain in concealment, that in return the Claimant had allowed him £5 per month; but that since his departure for Chili the allowance had ceased. Letters of Charles Orton to the Claimant's wife, and asking whether "Sir Roger Tichborne, before he went away, left anything for a party of the name of Brand," have been found and published. In the face of the evidence, the Claimant has since acknowledged that he did correspond with Charles, under the name of Brand, and did allow him that monthly sum.

Under these circumstances the Claimant's attorney, Mr. Holmes, finally withdrew from the case, and the

county gentlemen, who, relying in great measure on Lady Tichborne's recognition and the numerous affidavits that had been made, had supported the Claimant, held a meeting at the Swan, at Alresford, at which, among other documents, certain mysterious letters to the Orton sisters were produced. These letters were signed, "W. H. Stephens," and they contained inquiries after the Orton family and also after Miss Mary Anne Loader, who was an old sweetheart of Arthur Orton's, long resident in Wapping. They inclosed as portraits of Arthur Orton's wife and child, certain *carte-de-visite* likenesses which were clearly portraits of the Claimant's wife and child; and though they purported to be written by "W. H. Stephens," a friend of Arthur Orton, just arrived from Australia, it was suspected that the letters—which were evidently in a feigned hand—were really written by the Claimant. They manifested that desire for information about Wapping folks, and particularly the Ortons, which the Claimant was known to have exhibited on more occasions than one; and they indicated a wish to get this information by a ruse, and without permitting the writer to be seen. But the correspondence showed that the sisters of Orton had discovered, or at least believed that they had discovered, that the writer was in truth their brother Arthur. The Claimant, however, being called in and questioned, solemnly affirmed that the letters were "forgeries," designed by his enemies to "ruin his cause." Nor was it till he was pressed in cross-examination, three years later, that he reluctantly confessed that his charges of forgery were false; and that in fact he and no one else, had written the Stephens' letters. Among our facsimiles of autographs the reader will find a letter signed Arthur Orton, and dated Wagga-Wagga, N. S. W., June 3rd, 1866, which was forwarded to the Orton sisters by

the Claimant, at the same time, manifestly with a view to induce them to confide, by way of letter, in the fictitious Stephens. It may be presumed that the writing was expected to be recognized by them as an improved specimen from the same hand that penned the letter from "Torkeye" to Miss Loader (also among our facsimiles) fourteen years before; and it will be observed that it bears beneath the signature the same peculiar private mark. The reader has in those facsimiles the means of judging for himself whether that letter is not identical in handwriting with the letter beginning "My dear Mama," dated "Sydney, July 24th, '66," and signed "Roger Charles Tichborne." These, however, were later disclosures. The Claimant's solemn assurances did not convince all his supporters at the meeting at the Swan, but they satisfied some; and funds were still found for prosecuting the Chancery suit, which finally resulted in that great trial at Common Law that filled so large a space in the public journals.

The suit was technically an action for the purpose of ejecting Col. Lushington from Tichborne House, which had been let to him. Col. Lushington was then a supporter of the Claimant, and had not the least objection to be ejected. But the action at once raised the question whether the Claimant had a right to eject him. Of course that depended on whether he was, or was not, identical with the young man who was so long believed to have perished in the *Bella*, and accordingly this was the issue that the jury had to try.

The case of the Defendants had been prepared with great labor and expense by Mr. Frederick Bowker, of Winchester, the solicitor to the family; while the Claimant's cause was undertaken by the respectable firm of Baxter, Rose, and Norton. For the Claimant's side Mr. Serjeant Ballantine and Mr. Giffard had been

retained; on the side of the Defendants was Sir John Coleridge, then Solicitor General, supported by Mr. Hawkins. It was on Thursday, the 11th of May, 1871, that Sergeant Ballatine rose to address the jury; but owing to frequent adjournments, it was not until the 6th of March, 1872, that the trial was concluded—the proceedings having extended to 103 days. On the Claimant's side a large number of witnesses were examined, many being persons of respectability, while some were of high station. The military witnesses were very numerous; and among them were five of Roger Tichborne's old brother officers, the rest being sergeants, corporals, and privates. There were Australian witnesses, and medical witnesses, old servants, and tenants of the Tichborne family, and numerous other persons. With the exception of two remote connections, however no members of the numerous families of Tichborne and Seymour presented themselves to support the Plaintiff's claims; and even the two gentlemen referred to admitted that their acquaintance with Roger was slight, and that it was in his youth; and finally that they had not recognized the features of the Claimant, but had merely inferred his identity from some circumstances he had been able to mention. The same observation, indeed, applied to a very large number of the witnesses. The plaintiff's case was almost entirely unsupported by documentary evidence, and it rested in fact chiefly on the impressions or the memory of witnesses, or on their conclusions drawn from circumstances which, when they were inquired into, in cross-examination, proved to be altogether insufficient.

The cross-examination of the Claimant himself, however, was really the turning point of the civil trial. It extended over twenty-seven days, and embraced the whole history of Roger Tichborne's life, his alleged

rescue and carrying to Melbourne, the life of the Claimant in Australia, and his subsequent proceedings since his return. Besides this, matters connected with the Orton case were inquired into. The drift of much of the questioning of Sir John Coleridge was necessarily not apparent at the time, nor was it known to the public to what extent the Claimant had betrayed ignorance of the career, the habits, and the connections of the man he claimed to be. Much, however, that was calculated to alarm supporters was elicited. The Claimant was compelled to admit that he had no confirmation to offer of his strange story of the rescue, and that he could produce no survivor of the *Osprey* nor any one of the crew of the *Bella* alleged to have been rescued with him. The mere existence of such a vessel was not evidenced by any shipping register, or gazette, or Custom House record. It was moreover admitted that he had changed his story—had for a whole year given up the *Osprey*, and said the vessel was the *Themis*, and finally returned to the *Osprey* again. All the strange circumstances of the Wagga-Wagga will, the Gibbes and Cubitt correspondence, the furtive transactions with the Orton family, the curious revelations of the commissions in South America and Australia, were acknowledged, and either left unexplained or explained in a way which was evasive, inconsistent, and contradictory. His accounts of his relations with Arthur Orton were also vague, and his attempts to support his assertion that Castro and Orton were not one and the same, but different persons, were unsatisfactory, while, by his own confession, his habitual associates in Australia had been highway robbers and other persons of the vilest class. With regard to his life in Paris he admitted that his mind was “a blank,” and he confessed that he could not read a line of Roger Tichborne’s letters in French. He gave an-

swers which evidenced gross ignorance on all the matters which Roger Tichborne's letters and other evidence showed that he had studied. He said he did not think Euclid was connected with mathematics, though Roger Tichborne had passed an examination in Euclid; that he believed that a copy of Virgil handed to him was "in Greek," though Roger had made considerable progress in the study of Latin. He was compelled again and again to admit that statements he had deliberately made were absolutely false. When questioned with regard to that most impressive of all episodes in Roger's life, his love for his cousin, he showed himself unacquainted not merely with precise dates but with the broad outline of the story and the order of events. His answers on these matters were again confused, and wholly irreconcilable. Yet the Solicitor-General persisting for good reasons in interrogating him on the slanderous story of the sealed packet, he was compelled to repeat in Court, though with considerable variations, what he had long ago caused to be bruited abroad. Mrs., now Lady, Radcliffe, by her own wish, sat in Court beside her husband, confronting the false witness on that occasion; and they had the satisfaction of hearing him convicted out of his own mouth, and by the damnable evidence of documents of undisputed authenticity, of a deliberate series of abominable inventions, having the two-fold object of punishing the lady whom Roger loved so deeply, and of extricating himself from the humiliating position of being obliged to confess to his friends that he had been not merely unwilling, but unable, to answer Mr. Gosford's test question. It was during the course of this famous trial that the pocket-book left behind by the claimant at Wagga-Wagga was brought to England by the gentleman who had discovered it. It was found to contain what ap-

peared to be early attempts at Tichborne signatures, in the form "Rodger Charles Tichborne," besides such entries as "R. C. T., Bart., Tichborne Hall, Surrey, England, G. B.;" and among numerous other curious memoranda in the Claimant's own handwriting was the name and address, in full, of Arthur Orton's old sweetheart, at Wapping—the "respectiabel place" of which he had assured his supporters in England that he had not the slightest knowledge. The exposure of Mr. Baigent's unscrupulous partisanship by Mr. Hawkins, and the eloquent and argumentative address to the jury by Sir John Coleridge, will be long remembered. At its conclusion a few family witnesses, including Lady Radcliffe were heard, who deposed, among many other matters, to the famous tattoo marks on Roger's arm; and, finally the jury declared that they were satisfied. Then the Claimant's advisers, to avoid the inevitable verdict for their opponents, elected to be non-suited—that is to say, to drop their action. But, notwithstanding these tactics, Lord Chief Justice Bovill, under his warrant, immediately committed the Claimant to Newgate on a charge of willful and corrupt perjury.

Thus the great Tichborne case had entirely broken down; and the interest of the infant, Sir Alfred Joseph Tichborne, had been successfully defended, at a cost however, of considerably over one hundred thousand pounds. Practically, all hope of resuscitating the Claimant's pretensions was now at an end; but there were still powerful persons who had staked their reputation for common sense on the truth of his wild story, and there were others who, like Mr. Guildford Onslow, M. P., had gambled heavily on the chances of his success. That gentleman stood alone in his persevering efforts to give color and support to the slanders upon Lady Radcliffe and the long-exploded story of the

"sealed packet," but though the Claimant had been heard to confess to falsehood and calumny, and to decline to give particulars of his admitted association in Australia with horse-stealers, murderers, and highway robbers, on the ground that to do so "might render him liable to a criminal prosecution," his most enthusiastic partisans had not entirely withdrawn their countenance. Accordingly, after a few weeks' delay, the Claimant was released from Newgate on bail in the sum of £10,000—his sureties being Earl Rivers, Mr. Guildford Onslow, M. P., Mr. Whalley, M. P., and Mr. Alban Attwood, a medical man, residing at Bayswater.

Then began that systematic agitation on the Claimant's behalf, and those public appeals for subscriptions, which were so remarkable a feature of the thirteen months' interval between the civil and the Criminal trial. The Tichborne Romance, as it was called, had made the name of the Claimant famous; and sight-seers throughout the kingdom were anxious to get a glimpse of "Sir Roger." It was true his case had entirely broken down, but the multitude were struck by the fact that he could still appear on platforms with excitable members of Parliament to speak for him, and could even find a lord to be his surety. It was not every one who in reading the long cross-examination of the Claimant had been able to see the significance of the admissions which he was compelled to make; and owing to the Claimant's counsel stopping the case on the hint of the jury, the other side of the story had not really been heard. It was curious that this fact was made an argument in the Claimant's favor. "Why," asked his friends, "did the jury stop the case before they had heard all the evidence?" They forgot that the jury had listened patiently to every one of the witnesses on the Claimant's side, and that although they had declared themselves satisfied, the case must

have continued if the Claimant's advisers had not voluntarily relinquished the struggle.

Meanwhile, the propagandism continued until there was hardly a town in the kingdom in which Sir Roger Charles Tichborne, Bart., had not appeared on platforms and addressed crowded meetings; while Mr. Guildford Onslow and Mr. Whalley were generally present to deliver their foolish and inflammatory harangues. At theaters and music halls, at pigeon matches and open air *fêtes*, the Claimant was perseveringly exhibited; and while the other side preserved a decorous silence, the public never ceased to hear the tale of his imaginary wrongs. A journal was actually started, entitled *The Tichborne Gazette*, the sole function of which was to excite the public mind still further; and in the newspapers appeared from time to time long lists of subscribers to the Tichborne Defense Fund. It will be remembered that the unexampled system of creating prejudice with regard to a great trial still pending was permitted to continue long after the criminal trial had commenced. There had been proceedings, it is true, for contempt against the Claimant and his supporters, Mr. Onslow, Mr. Whalley, and Mr. Skipworth, and fine and imprisonment were inflicted; but the agitation continued, violent attacks were made upon witnesses, and even upon the judges then engaged in trying the case, and at length the Court was compelled peremptorily to forbid all appearances of the Claimant at public meetings.

The great "Trial at Bar," presided over by Sir Alexander Cockburn, Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, Mr. Justice Mellor, and Mr. Justice Lush, commenced on the 23rd of April, 1873, and ended on the 28th of February, 1874—a period of a little over ten months. On the side of the Crown were Mr. Hawkins and Mr. Sergeant Parry; on that of the defendant, Dr. Kenealy

and Mr. MacMahon, M. P. The pomp and ceremony with which the proceedings were thus conducted was inevitable, for it is only a trial at Bar before three judges that can be continued without regard to the ordinary periods of sessions or legal terms. But these stately accessories necessarily impressed the mind of the populace, and the daily arrival and departure of the Claimant, in the carriage provided for him by his supporters, were witnessed by thousands of persons, shouting lustily for "Sir Roger," while the object of their attentions, bowing to right and left, gracefully acknowledged these tokens of unabated popularity.

The leading incidents in the great trial which has occupied judge, jury, and counsel for just 188 days are fresh in the memory of the public. On the side of the prosecution 212 witnesses gave their testimony; but the documentary evidence, including the enormous mass of Roger Tichborne's letters, so valuable as exhibiting the character, the pursuits, the thoughts, and feelings of the writer, were scarcely less important. The entire Tichborne and Seymour families may be said to have given their testimony against the Defendant. Unhappily, Lady Doughty had passed away from the troubled scene since the date of the last trial; but she had been examined and cross-examined on her death-bed, and had then repeated the evidence which she gave on the previous occasion, and declared that the Claimant was an impostor. Lady Radcliffe again appeared in the witness box, and told her simple story, confirmed as it was in all important particulars by the correspondence and other records. Old Paris friends and acquaintances were unanimous. Father Fefèvre and the venerable Abbé Salis, Chatillon, the tutor, and his wife, and numerous others declared that this man was not Roger Tichborne, and exposed his ignorance both of them and their past

transactions. When questioned, the Defendant had sworn that his father never had a servant named Gossein; but the letters of Sir James were shown to contain numerous allusions to "my faithful Gossein," and Gossein himself came into the witness box and told how he had known Roger Tichborne from the cradle to his boyhood, and from his boyhood to the very hour of his going on his travels. On the Orton question, nearly fifty witnesses declared their conviction that the Defendant sitting then before them was the butcher's son whom they had known in Wapping. Testimony of that kind, it is true, is of little value, though an exception should be made in the case of Miss Loader, the old sweetheart of Arthur Orton, who may be presumed to have remembered him well. But the strength of the Orton case of the prosecution lay in those documentary evidences of undisputed authenticity, and, above all, in that singular chain of circumstances which has been already noticed. The witnesses from Australia and from South America unhesitatingly identified the defendant with Orton; but it is more important to observe that their testimony was supported by records and documents of various kinds, including the ledgers of Mr. Foster, of Boisdale, letters under the Defendant's own hand, and writings which it could not be denied were from the hand of Arthur Orton.

On the other side, the witnesses were still more numerous. They included a great number of persons from Wapping, who swore they did not recognize in the Defendant the lad whom they had known as Arthur Orton. Many others swore they had known both Orton and the Defendant in Australia, and that they were different persons, but their stories were irreconcilable with each other, and were, moreover, in direct conflict with the statements of the Claimant on oath, while

several of these witnesses were persons of proved bad character, and unworthy of belief. Great numbers of Carabineers declared that the Defendant was exactly like their old officer; but, while ten officers of that regiment appeared for the prosecution, and positively affirmed that the Defendant was not Mr. Tichborne, only two officers gave testimony on the other side; and even these admitted that they had doubts. Eight years had elapsed since Mr. Gibbes fancied he had "spotted" Sir Roger in his "hovel" at Wagga-Wagga, but still no Arthur Orton was forthcoming; nor did the sister of Orton venture to come forward on behalf of the man who had been compelled to admit having taken them into his pay. Not only was the Claimant's story of his wreck and rescue shown to have been absurd and impossible, but it was unsupported by any evidence, except vague recollections of witnesses of having seen an *Osprey* and some shipwrecked sailors at Melbourne, in July, 1854; and it was admitted that if their tale were true, the phantom vessel, and the fact of its picking up nine precious lives, must have escaped the notice of Lloyd's agents, of Custom House officers, and of the Australian newspapers. Nay, more, the Claimant's *Osprey* must have escaped the notice of such authorities in every port which she had entered from the day that she was launched. So, indeed, the matter stood, until the witness Luie, the "pretended steward of the *Osprey*," swore to his strange story, as well as to the Defendant's recognition of him by name as an old friend. The Luie episode, terminating in the identification of that infamous witness as an habitual criminal and convict named Lundgren, only recently released on a ticket-of-leave, together with the complete disproof of his elaborate *Osprey* story, is familiar to the public. It was a significant fact that other witnesses for the defense were

admitted to be associates of this rascal ; while, one of the most conspicuous of all—a man calling himself “Captain” Brown—had pretended to corroborate portions of Luie’s evidence which are now proved to be false.

Some allowance should certainly be made in the Defendant’s favor for the singularly unskillful and damaging character of his counsel, Dr. Kenealy’s two addresses to the jury, which occupied no less than forty-three entire days. The learned counsel not only made violent personal attacks on every witness of importance for the prosecution, without, as the judges observed, “any shadow of foundation,” but he assailed his own client with a vehemence and a persistence which are without parallel in the case of an advocate defending a person against a charge of perjury. He gave up statements of the Defendant at almost every period of his extraordinary story as “false ;” declared them to be “moonshine ;” expressed his conviction that no sensible person could for a moment believe them ; acknowledged that to attempt to verify them in the face of the evidence, or even to reconcile them with each other, would be hopeless ; set down some as “arrant nonsense,” denounced others as “Munchausenisms,” and recommended the jury “not to believe them” with a heartiness which would have been perfectly natural in the mouth of Mr Hawkins, but which, coming from counsel for the defense, was as one of the learned judges remarked, “strange indeed.” But the doctrine of the learned gentleman was that the very extent of the perjury should be his client’s protection, because it showed that he was not a man “to be tried by ordinary standards.” When in addition to this, he labored day after day to persuade the jury that Roger Tichborne was a drunkard, a liar, a fool, an undutiful son, an ungrateful friend, an abandoned libertine,—de-

clared in loud and impassioned tones that he would "strip this jay of his borrowed plumes," and indignantly repudiated the notion that the man his client claimed to be had one single good quality about him, the humor of the situation may be said to have reached its climax. Yet Dr. Kencaly at least proved his sincerity by not only insinuating charges against the gentleman who disappeared with the *Bella*, but by actually calling witnesses to contradict point blank statements of his own client which lay at the very foundation of the charges of perjury against him.

Mr. Hawkin's powerful address quickly disposed of this singular mode of defense. The inquiry was raised into a calmer height, when the Lord Chief Justice commenced his memorable summing up, going minutely through the vast mass of testimony—depicting the true character of Roger Tichborne from the rich mine of materials before him, contrasting it with that of the Defendant, as shown by the evidence, and, while giving due weight to the testimony in his favor, exposing by the light which has been thrown on every point in this remarkable case literally hundreds of examples of the falsity of his statements made upon oath.

The verdict of GUILTY had been anticipated by all who have paid attention to the evidence. The foreman publicly declared that there was no doubt in the mind of any jurymen that the man who has for eight years assumed the name and title of the gentleman whose unhappy story is recorded in these pages, is an impostor, who has added slander of the wickedest kind to his many other crimes. But not only were they satisfied of this; they were equally agreed that he is Arthur Orton. The sentence of fourteen years' penal servitude is assuredly not too heavy a punishment for offenses so enormous. It will be still more satisfactory if it shall be

found practicable to bring to justice the most prominent of those persons who have continued to lend aid and countenance to this most audacious attempt at fraud, long after the period at which the most charitable can imagine that their eyes were not opened to its true character.

FINAL SCENES IN THE TICHBORNE CASE.

It was just after 12 o'clock when the Jury retired to consider their verdict, and in the court, every part of which was densely crowded, great excitement prevailed. Dr. Kenealy, who during all the previous days occupied by the charge of the Lord Chief Justice was but rarely present, and then only for a very short time, was in his place. He arrived before the sitting of the Court, and remained until the end of the proceedings. The Defendant was in his usual place. In the space between the inner bar and the bench a sort of rude table, covered with green baize, had been fixed to the floor; at this he was seated, and before him were writing materials, which, on previous occasions, he kept continually using. At one side sat his solicitor and private secretary, on the other the younger Bogle, his constant attendants throughout the trial. He entered shortly before 10 o'clock, looking nervous and anxious, and seemed struck by the appearance of three men in plain clothes, who were sitting right in front of him, and who up to that day had not appeared in court. Their services were shortly to be required. As soon as the jury retired, Mr. Frayling, jun., tipstaff of the Court, took his place beside the Defendant in the seat before occupied by the younger Bogle. On a sudden there was a hush, and it was whispered, but hardly believed, that the jury had agreed on their verdict. The jury returned

into court at 33 minutes past 12. They were absent one minute less than half an hour, and every one now knew what the verdict would be. They took their places in the box, their names were called over, and the foreman pronounced the verdict—"Guilty on all the counts," with a special and emphatic vindication of Lady Radcliffe.

The Defendant stood up, confused and abashed, to hear his sentence.

Master COCKBURN, addressing the jury, said—"Gentlemen, are you agreed upon your verdict?"

The Foreman.—"We are."

Master COCKBURN.—"Do you find the defendant guilty or not guilty on the first count?"

The Foreman.—"*Guilty.*"

Master COCKBURN.—"Do you find the Defendant guilty or not guilty on the second count?"

The Foreman.—"*Guilty.*"

Master COCKBURN.—"You say he is guilty on both counts, and that is the verdict of you all?"

The Foreman.—"That is the verdict of us all."

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—"Are you agreed upon all the issues? Are you agreed that the Defendant is not Roger Tichborne?"

The Foreman.—"We are, my Lord."

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—"Are you agreed that he is Arthur Orton?"

The Foreman.—"We are."

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—"Are you agreed on the issue of the assignment of perjury in reference to the sealed packet and Lady Radcliffe?"

The Foreman.—"We are."

Mr. HAWKINS.—"On behalf of the Crown, I pray for immediate judgment on the Defendant."

The Foreman of the Jury,—"I will read the verdict.

We find, first, that the Defendant is not Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne; secondly, we find that the Defendant did not seduce Miss Catherine Doughty, now Lady Radcliffe, and, further, we find that there is not the slightest evidence that Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne was ever guilty of undue familiarity with his cousin, Lady Radcliffe, on any occasion whatever (ap-
plause); thirdly, we find that the Defendant is Arthur Orton."

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—"That disposes of all the issues."

The Foreman then handed to the Lord Chief Justice a written paper prepared by the jury, and asked the opinion of the Court whether it was a proper one to be read.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—"Yes, I think it is quite right. This is the general opinion of you all?"

The Foreman.—"Yes, my Lord, the general opinion of us all."

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE thereupon read the paper, which was in these terms:

"The jury desire to express their opinion that the charges of bribery, conspiracy, and undue influence brought against the prosecution in this case are entirely devoid of foundation; and they regret exceedingly the violent language and demeanor of the leading counsel for the defendant in his attacks upon the conduct of the prosecution and upon several of the witnesses produced in the case.

"(Signed) H. F. DICKENS, Foreman."

The Defendant having been ordered to stand up,

Mr. Justice MELLOR pronounced the sentence of the Court upon him as follows: "Thomas Castro, otherwise called Arthur Orton, otherwise called Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne, Baronet, after a trial of unex-

amplified duration, you have been convicted by the jury of the several perjuries charged in the counts of this indictment, and which were truly described by your counsel as "crimes as black and foul as Justice ever raised her sword to strike." In the trial of your case the jury have exhibited a care, a patience, and an intelligence never surpassed—indeed, it was such as to extort expressions of admiration from your own counsel, and their verdict meets with the unanimous approval of the Court. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive how any person who has considered the intrinsic improbabilities of your story, and has intelligently considered the evidence which has been adduced in the course of this trial, could have come to any other conclusion. The testimony of individuals, however numerous or respectable they may be, to your personal identity with either Arthur Orton or Roger Tichborne is comparatively of little worth after so great a lapse of time, except in the instances in which there existed special interest to observe and remember you. Of course the evidence of Miss Loader, of the family of Roger Tichborne, and of Mr. Gosford is of great importance in this case, and when I mention the name of Mr. Gosford I pause for a moment—speaking for myself at all events—to say that he has placed public justice greatly in his debt.

"Your entire ignorance of the native tongue of Roger Tichborne coupled with at least the partial acquisition of another language, the tattoo marks which were proved to have existed on the arm of the undoubted Roger Tichborne, and his genuine letters, and the letters written by you, whether in the character of Roger Tichborne or Arthur Orton, the admissions expressly made or implied in your conduct, and all that is known of the history of the life and character of Roger Tichborne and of yourself present an accumulation of proof such as

can rarely be given in a court of justice, and which conclusively demonstrates the propriety of the verdict of the jury. No man can look with an unprejudiced mind and a clear observation at the letters of the undoubted Roger Tichborne without coming to the conclusion that they were never written by you, while between the undoubted letters of Arthur Orton and your own there is evidence of identity most complete and convincing. Of what avail could the negative evidence of your identity with Arthur Orton be against the circumstances connected with your visit to Wapping, with your assumption of a false name, and your correspondence and dealings with the family of Arthur Orton, added to the fact that your counsel did not venture to put into the box Arthur Orton's sisters, who, from the very first, were in your interest, who had received money from you, and had made affidavits in your favor? The inference from your not calling them is irresistible—namely, that they were possessed of knowledge which must have tended strongly to prove your identity with Arthur Orton. That question, important as it is, is only material as affording one of the modes of proof that you are not and can not be Roger Tichborne.

“Whether you originally conceived and planned the entire scheme which you ultimately carried out, I know not. The marvelous growth and development of your knowledge as to the circumstances connected with the history of Roger Tichborne and his military life, leave it uncertain whether your original design was not enlarged by reason of the ease with which you found people so ready to become your dupes, and, I fear, in some cases, your accomplices. However that may be, in the carrying out of your scheme you hesitated at no amount of perjury and fraud which you thought to be necessary to its success. Wicked and nefarious as it was

to impose yourself upon society as Roger Charles Tichborne, and to attempt to deprive the lawful heir of his inheritance, that offense sinks almost into insignificance when compared with the still more infamous perjury by which you sought to support your scheme. I refer to your attempt to blast the reputation of Lady Radcliffe. No more foul or deliberate falsehood was ever heard in a court of justice. I can hardly restrain the indignation which I feel at the incredible baseness of your conduct in that respect. Happily the means of refuting that cowardly calumny were immediately at hand, and never was a charge so completely shattered and exposed as was that. It is not, however, because the refutation of the falsehood was singularly easy and complete that the baseness of your conduct is diminished. I believe I am speaking the sentiment of every member of the Court when I say that the punishment about to be assigned by the Court is wholly inadequate to your offense. The framers of the Act of Parliament that fixes and limits the sentence which the Court is authorized to pass upon you, never dreamed of circumstances so aggravated as exist in your case. The sentence of the Court which I now pronounce is, that for the perjury alleged in the first count of this indictment upon which you have been convicted, you be kept in penal servitude for the term of seven years; and that for the perjury alleged in the second count of this indictment, of which you have also been convicted, you be kept in penal servitude for the further term of seven years, to commence immediately upon the expiration of the term of penal servitude assigned to you in respect of your conviction upon the first count of this indictment, and that is the sentence of the Court."

The Defendant.—"May I be allowed to say a few words?"

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—“No.”

The Defendant then shook hands with his leading counsel, Dr. Kenealy, and was immediately afterwards removed from the Court in the custody of Mr. Frayling, jun., the tipstaff.

LEADING DATES IN THE TICHBORNE CASE.

- 1829.—Roger Tichborne born.
1849.—Entered the army.
1852, January.—Proposed marriage to his cousin, Miss Doughty, and was rejected.
1853, June 19.—Arrived at Valparaiso, from Havre.
1854, April 20.—Sailed from Rio Janeiro, in the *Bella*, which foundered at sea.
1865, May 19.—Lady Tichborne advertises for her son.
1866, July 3.—The Claimant, found by Gibbes and Cubitt, in Australia, asserts that he and eight others were saved from the wreck of the *Bella*; that he went to Australia, and lived there thirteen years in the name of Castro. Was married there as Castro; afterward re-married as Tichborne.
1867, January.—Claimant comes from Australia; and is accepted by Lady Tichborne as her son, at Paris. Is repudiated as an impostor by all the other members of the family, excepting Sir Clifford Constable.
1870.—Evidence taken in Chancery; commissions sent out to take evidence in Australia and South America.
1871, May 11.—Trial to recover the Tichborne estates (valued at £24,000 a year) begun in the Court of Common Pleas, before Chief Justice Bovill. Chief counsel for Claimant, Sergeant Ballan-

tine ; chief counsel for defendants—the trustees of Sir Henry Tichborne, a minor—Sir J. Coleridge, then Solicitor-General (afterwards Attorney-General). Claimant examined twenty-two days. Trial adjourned on fortieth day, July 7 ; resumed November 7 ; case for Claimant closed December 21.

1872, January 15.—Trial resumed. Sir J. Coleridge spoke twenty-six days.

1872, March 6.—103rd day of the trial. Jury interposed, and declared themselves satisfied that Claimant was not Sir Roger Tichborne ; Sergeant Ballantine, on behalf of the Claimant, elected to be non-suited.

1872, March 6.—Chief Justice Bovill ordered Claimant into custody, to be tried for perjury.

1872, April 9.—Claimant indicted as Castro, otherwise Orton.

1872, April 23.—Court of Queen's Bench allowed prisoner to be released on bail.

1873, January 11.—Mr. G. Onslow, M.P., and Mr. Whalley, M.P., ordered to appear before the Court for contempt.

1873, April 23.—Trial of Claimant begins at bar, before Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, Justice Lush, and Justice Mellor. Chief Counsel for prosecution, Mr. Hawkins, Q.C., and Mr. Sergeant Parry. Chief counsel for prisoner, Dr. Kenealy Q.C., and Mr. McMahon.

1873, July 22.—Dr. Kenealy opens his speech for the defense.

1873, August 21.—First witness called for the defense.

1873, September 18.—The Claimant forbidden by the Lord Chief Justice to attend public meetings.

1873, September 23.—100th day of the trial.

- 1873, October 14.—Luie called as a witness.
1873, October 27.—Case for the defense closes.
1873, December 2.—Dr. Kenealy begins his closing speech for the defense.
1873, December 11.—Luie ordered into custody for perjury.
1874, January 15.—Mr. Hawkins begins his reply for the Crown.
1874, January 29.—Lord Chief Justice begins his summing-up. 169th day of the trial.
1874, February 28th.—188th day of the trial; verdict—guilty; sentence—fourteen years' penal servitude.



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